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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

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Vestures of Consciousness

IT will be remembered that the crowd of pilgrims who, with Pilgrim Potthapada, were in residence in The Hall set about with Tinduka trees in Queen Mallika's park, had been discussing with animated din a wide range of topics, when the Buddha approached, coming from the residence of the Order at Jeta Vana. With a roaring, with a shrill and mighty noise, they had been relating many kinds of common tales, such, for example, as talk of kings, talk of robbers, talk of ministers, talk of armies, talk of terror, talk of war, talk of food and drink and garments and couches, talk of garlands and perfumes, talk of kinships and cars, of villages and towns and cities and countries, talk of women and men and heroes, talk of the street and of the village well, talk of the dead, all kinds of stories, traditions of the forming of lands and oceans, discussions of being and non-being.

But when the Buddha entered The Hall, the disputants were hushed. While Pilgrim Potthapada questioned and the Buddha answered, the pilgrims remained silent; and it is a part of the art of the unnamed author of the Sutta that, without describing or commenting on it, he thus indicates the personal ascendancy, the majesty of the Buddha, the reverence which his presence inspired.

Yet this impressive personal power is not represented as something miraculous and inevitable, the unnatural attribute of a divine personage predestined to victory. On the contrary, Gotama's humanity always shines through; there are passages which show him suffering not only from discord among his own followers, but from open hostility and attack, and even the bodily violence inflicted by inveterate enemies. Each of these episodes has a profound interest, not only because it is a part of that great Master's history, but also because the underlying motives and impulses are deeply rooted in human nature. And they are related with something of that mellow humour that pervades all these scriptures like sprinkled gold dust.

It was from the dwelling of the Order at Jeta Vana that the Buddha came to The Hall and there met Pilgrim Potthapada. It was while he was in residence at Jeta Vana at a later period that a notable quarrel broke out among some of his disciples. Not far from Jeta Vana, there was another dwelling of the Order, under the superintendence of two advanced disciples; each of them had many less progressed disciples in his care, all of whom had been admitted to the Order.

Of the two, one had deeply studied the theory, the intellectual side of the Buddha's teaching, and instructed his pupils in that, while the other had fixed his thought and efforts on the details of the Buddha's discipline, the ordered way of life he had laid down, the acts enjoined and the acts forbidden, whereby character and will were to be trained. These two instructors perfectly supplemented each other, and should have co-operated in amity and mutual understanding.

Then came an incident, quite trivial in itself, which was magnified from molehill to mountain by the very human proneness to contention, the nearly universal desire to prove oneself in the right. One of the two more advanced disciples, he who was mainly occupied with the more abstract and intellectual side of his Master's teaching, had washed his hands, and, perhaps because his mind was preoccupied with an analysis of the Five Virtues or the Five Precepts, had left the water in the vessel, contrary, it would seem, to the rules of personal order which the Buddha had laid down for his disciples.

His colleague, full of the importance of these details of deportment, and not quite free from the vice of superiority, noted the omission and censured it not only in thought but in word:

"Brother, was it you who left the water?"

"Yes, brother."

"But do you not know that it is a sin to do so?"

"Indeed I do not."

"But, brother, it is a sin."

"Well, then, I will make satisfaction for it."

"Of course, brother, if you did it unintentionally, through inadvertence, it is no sin."

Nevertheless, the instructor of discipline said to the disciples in his charge:

"This instructor of the law, though he has committed a sin, does not realize it."

They straightway went to the pupils of the instructor of the law, saying:

"Your preceptor, though he has committed a sin, does not realize it."

And these in their turn carried the word to him. Highly incensed, he retorted:

"He said at first it was no sin. Now he says it is a sin. He is a liar."

His pupils immediately went to the others and said:

"Your teacher is a liar."

So the quarrel was fomented between them, and even the lay disciples, those who supplied the bodily wants of the pupils, took sides and formed

themselves into factions. It is recorded that the women of the Order, and even those who were outside, immediately joined one faction or the other. The spirit of discord reigned.

Tidings of the matter were brought to the Buddha at Jeta Vana. Twice he sent word: "Let them be reconciled!" Twice the reply came back: "Master, they refuse to be reconciled!" The third time, he exclaimed: "The body of the disciples is being rent asunder!" and going thither, he made clear to them the folly and wickedness of dissension.

When they refused to hear him, he departed and went alone to a distant forest, finding for himself a resting place in the heart of the forest under a beautiful tree. There, says the tradition, he was dutifully and reverently waited on by an elderly elephant, who had himself sought refuge in the forest depths from the noise and vexation of the herd. Before withdrawing to that seclusion, he had ruminated thus:

"Here I live, in the midst of the herd, crowded by elephants young and old; they eat the green branches I break down; when I would drink, they roil the water; when I would bathe, they bump against me. It were better to retire and live alone."

So the two recluses met in the forest depths, and the elephant, benign and serviceable, waited on the Buddha. Breaking a leaf-covered branch, he swept the ground before the Buddha's refuge; taking the Master's water-pot, he brought him clean water to drink; by heating stones and rolling them into a rock pool, he prepared warm water for the Master's ablutions, testing it with his delicate trunk; from forest trees he brought fruit for the Buddha to eat; he fanned him with a palm leaf, swaying it to and fro; he guarded the Master as a sentry, pacing to and fro through the night until sunrise.

Now it is also related that a monkey, watching the elephant from the tree tops, said to himself: "I also will undertake somewhat!" So, finding honeycomb in a tree, he laid it on a banana leaf and brought it to the Buddha. Greatly delighted when the Master accepted the gift, and dancing in ecstasy along the tree tops, he stepped on a rotten branch, fell and broke his neck, and, because he had served the Buddha, was reborn in a celestial mansion.

This is not the only monkey in the scriptures. It is recorded that a youthful disciple, taking offence at a slight rebuke, set fire to his hut of branches and ran away. When he learned it, the Buddha commented:

"This is not the first time he has destroyed a dwelling because of resentment. He did it also in a former birth.

"In the olden days, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, a crested bird had built a nest in the Himalaya country. One day, while it was raining, a monkey came there, shivering with cold. The crested bird, seeing him, said:

"'Monkey, your head and your hands and your feet are like a man's; how comes it that you have no house?'

"The monkey said:

"'Crested bird, my head and my hands and my feet are indeed like a man's; but what they say is man's highest gift, intelligence, that I lack.'

"The crested bird said:

"'He that is unstable, light-minded, disloyal, he who keeps not the precepts, will never attain to happiness. Monkey, exert yourself to the utmost, abandon your past habits, build yourself a hut to shelter you from wind and cold!'

"But the monkey was incensed and destroyed the bird's nest, and the bird slipped out and flew away. That monkey was reborn as the youthful disciple who destroyed the hut of branches."

To return to the quarrelling disciples. It is related that the people of the neighbouring villages, reverent hearers of the Buddha, but not members of the Order, coming to the residence of the Order to seek the Buddha, were told not only that he had departed, but the reason of his going.

These pious lay folk were indignant, so that they gave no more offerings of food to the quarrelsome disciples, who were thus in danger of starvation. Hunger brought wisdom. They confessed their sins to each other, and, going to the forest, begged the Buddha to forgive them.

The Master made clear to them the enormity of their offence, because, though accepted as disciples by a Buddha, they had resisted his efforts to reconcile them and had disobeyed his commands. When they realized their sin, he forgave them.

But there were graver obstacles than the quarrelling of the disciples. On a certain occasion, an evil-minded woman bribed the citizens of a town near Jeta Vana, and said to them:

"When the ascetic Gotama comes to the town, do you revile and abuse him, and drive him out."

So,when the Buddha entered the city, they followed after him shouting:

"You are a robber, you are a fool, you are a camel, you are an ass, you are a denizen of hell!"

The venerable Ananda said to the Buddha:

"Master, they are reviling us; let us go elsewhere."

"Where shall we go, Ananda?"

"Master, let us go to another city."

"What if they should revile us there?"

"Master, we shall go to yet another city."

"Ananda, we shall not so act. Where a tumult arises, there we shall remain until the tumult ceases. Ananda, I am like an elephant that has entered the battle. Such an elephant should withstand the arrows that come from every side. So it is my duty to endure with patience the words of wicked men."

Not only reviling but violence met the Buddha as he carried out his work. Once, when he was among the mountains, his inveterate enemy Devadatta hurled a rock down toward him; a fragment, breaking off as the rock rolled downward, struck the Buddha on the foot, causing the blood to flow. He suffered intense pain, say the records, and the disciples carried him to Jivaka's mango grove, where Jivaka himself ministered to him, applying an astringent to the wound and bandaging it.

These things are recorded, not by enemies seeking to belittle him, but by those who revered and loved him. They show the Buddha not as a miraculous being, immune from human woe, but as a man, yet a man of heroic virtue, wisdom, power, compassion; a Master, not a god. The majesty of his presence, not some supernatural compulsion, hushed the noisy pilgrims in The Hall, as the Buddha answered Pilgrim Potthapada. We may pick up the colloquy again with the Master's words:

"Thus, Potthapada, the disciple, beginning from the point at which he possesses a state of consciousness of his own attaining, goes forward from one state of consciousness to another, until he attains the summit of consciousness."

"Does the Master teach one summit of consciousness, or several summits of consciousness?"

"I teach one summit of consciousness, Potthapada, and also several summits of consciousness."

"But how does the Master teach this?"

"At whatever point he reaches a station, a resting-place, I speak of that as a summit of consciousness. Thus, Potthapada, I teach one summit of consciousness, and also several summits of consciousness."

"Does the state of consciousness arise first, Master, and afterwards understanding; or does understanding arise first, and afterwards the state of consciousness; or do the state of consciousness and the understanding arise together, neither being earlier or later?"

"The state of consciousness arises first, Potthapada, and afterwards the understanding; the arising of the understanding comes through the arising of the state of consciousness. Thus a man recognizes that through a definite cause understanding has arisen in him. For this reason it can be known that the state of consciousness arises first, and the understanding afterwards; that the arising of the understanding comes through the arising of the state of consciousness."

"Is the state of consciousness the man's self, Master, or is the state of consciousness one thing and the self another?"

"To what self do you refer, Potthapada?"

"I have in mind a gross self, Master, having a form, made of the four gross elements, sustained by eating food."

"If there were a gross self, Potthapada, having a form, made of the four gross elements, sustained by eating food, even so, Potthapada, the state of consciousness will be one thing, and the self another. Even while this gross self, having form, made of the four gross elements, sustained by eating food, remains, one state of consciousness arises in the man, and another state of consciousness ceases. For this reason, Potthapada, it can be known that the state of consciousness is one thing, and the self another."

"Then I have in mind, Master, a self formed of mental substance, having the shape of the body in all its parts, possessing all the powers of perception and action."

"If there were a self formed of mental substance, having the shape of the body in all its parts, possessing all the powers of perception and action, even so, Potthapada, the state of consciousness will be one thing, and the self another. Even while this self formed of mental substance, having the shape of the body in all its parts, possessing all the powers of perception and action, remains, one state of consciousness arises in the man, and another state of consciousness ceases. For this reason, Potthapada, it can be known that the state of consciousness is one thing, and the self another.

"Then I have in mind, Master, a formless self, consisting of consciousness."

"If there were a formless self, consisting of consciousness, even so, Potthapada, the state of consciousness will be one thing, and the self another. Even while this self, formless, consisting of consciousness, remains, one state of consciousness arises in the man, and another state of consciousness ceases. For this reason, Potthapada, it can be known that the state of consciousness is one thing, and the self another."

There is a touch of humour in this. Pilgrim Potthapada has the air of putting a purely hypothetical case before the Buddha, of making up his argument as he goes along. He is not really doing this. He is in substance quoting two of the great Upanishads and blending their teaching. From the *Mandukya Upanishad*, he is taking the classification of the three vestures, other than the Supreme Self; the vestures which have been called the body of the man, the body of the disciple, the body of the Master. And from the *Taittiriya Upanishad* he is taking names for two of these vestures, that formed of the substance of mind, and that formed of consciousness; and it is worth noting that, in the Upanishad, these vestures are called "selves," just as they are in our Sutta.

But this is not the only element of quotation in our dialogue. In his discourse with King Ajatashatru, concerning the Fruits of Discipleship, the Buddha himself has covered much the same ground:

"So the disciple, with heart and imagination concentrated, altogether pure, altogether luminous, without stain, rid of all evil, made pliant, prepared for action, firm, imperturbable, concentrates heart and imagination on the building up of a body formed of mental substance. From this physical body, he builds up creatively another body, possessing form, of mental substance, having the shape of the body in all its parts, possessing all the powers of perception and action.

"It is, O King, just as though a man were to draw forth a reed from its sheath. He would see clearly, 'This is the sheath, this is the reed; the sheath is one thing, the reed is another; from the sheath the reed has been drawn forth.' Or it is, O King, just as though a man were to draw a sword from the scabbard. He would see clearly,' This is the sword, this is the scabbard; the sword is one thing, the scabbard is another; from the scabbard the sword has been drawn forth.' Or it is, O King, as though a man were to draw a snake forth from its slough. He would see clearly, 'This is the snake, this is the slough; the snake is one thing, the slough is another; from the slough the snake has been drawn forth.'"

The simile of the reed drawn from the sheath is taken from the *Katha Upan-*

ishad, while the slough of the snake comes from the *Chhandogya Upanishad*. So that, in these two passages, we have a direct return to four of the great Upanishads, conclusive evidence that the teaching of the Buddha regarding the inner bodies as stages in the path of liberation is in the direct line of the great spiritual tradition of ancient India.

In the Buddha's presentation of this teaching of the inner bodies, the vestures, successively more spiritual, above the physical vesture, it is noteworthy that the Master lays the dominant stress not on the vestures themselves, but on the consciousness which they contain and sustain. It is further noteworthy that, in each case, he regards that consciousness as evolving, developing; a higher state of consciousness arising, a lower state of consciousness ceasing; and, finally, this steadily ascending development of consciousness takes place through the effort of the disciple himself, through aspiration, discipline, purification. In the steady ascent toward perfect wisdom and holiness, final immortality and liberation, each vesture, as it is attained, marks a stage, a station on the journey, a temporary resting place until the lessons of that stage are fully learned. It is, therefore, for that stage of the uphill journey, a summit of consciousness, to use the Buddha's phrase; and by analogy we may conceive that, for each vesture, for each stage, there are minor stages, each in its turn a summit of consciousness to be attained by undaunted effort.

We may say, perhaps, without irreverence, that the teaching of the Buddha is eminently sound Theosophical doctrine; that Pilgrim Potthapada had set forth before him, in response to his earnest aspiration, an outline of practical Occultism, as clearly as it could be put into words. Logically, there was nothing for him to do but to set to work forthwith.

It is one of the virtues of these scriptures, comparable in value to their sunny humour, that they are so universal; they illustrate at each point the tendencies that run through all human nature. Thus, the list of unedifying themes that were being debated in The Hall might serve, almost without alteration, for the summary of the news in our daily papers: "stories of kings, robbers, ministers; of kinships and cars . . ."—with exactly the same blending of the ridiculous and the sublime: "talk of the village well, traditions of the forming of lands and oceans, discussions of being and non-being."

So with Pilgrim Potthapada. He had heard, just as we hear, the call to instant spiritual effort and action. But Pilgrim Potthapada, again like ourselves, was not quite ready. He had an argumentative mind, and he almost inevitably continued to argue:

"Master, is the world everlasting? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the world is everlasting; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the world not everlasting? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the world is not everlasting; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the world finite? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the world is finite; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the world infinite? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the world is infinite; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the life the body? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the life is the body; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the life one thing and the body another thing? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the life is one thing and the body another thing; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, does the Tathagata exist beyond death? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the Tathagata exists beyond death; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, does the Tathagata not exist beyond death? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the Tathagata does not exist beyond death; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, does the Tathagata both exist and not exist beyond death? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the Tathagata both exists and does not exist beyond death; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, does the Tathagata neither exist nor not exist after death? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the Tathagata neither exists nor exists not beyond death; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Why, Sir, does the Master not make these declarations?"

"Such declaration, Potthapada, does not make for spiritual wealth, does not make for the Law of righteousness, does not make for the principles of discipleship, nor for detachment, nor for purification from lust, nor for quietude of heart, nor for peace, nor for wisdom, nor for illumination, nor for liberation. Therefore I have not made these declarations."

"Well, then, what has the Master declared?"

"I have declared that this is misery, Potthapada; I have declared that this is the arising of misery; I have declared that this is the cessation of misery;

I have declared that this is the conduct which leads to the cessation of misery."

"Why, Sir, has the Master declared this?"

"Because this makes for spiritual wealth, Potthapada, this makes for the Law of Righteousness, for the principles of discipleship, for detachment, for purification, for quietude of heart, for peace, for wisdom, for illumination, for liberation. Therefore I have declared this."

"This is so, Master! This is so, Blessed One! And now let the Master do as seems to him good."

So the Master, rising from his seat, departed.

Meanwhile, the pilgrims in the Hall had kept silence. It even appears that they had listened attentively with their contentious minds. But the explosion came immediately, for, as the chronicler tells us, no sooner had the Buddha departed, than these pilgrims bore down upon Pilgrim Potthapada from all sides with a torrent of biting words:

"So it seems that, whatever the ascetic Gotama says, this Potthapada immediately assents, saying, 'This is so, Master! This is so, Blessed One!' But we do not see that the ascetic Gotama has given a clear answer to any one of the ten questions: whether the world is everlasting, or not everlasting, finite, or infinite, whether the life is the body, or not the body, whether the Tathagata exists, or exists not, or both, or neither, beyond death."

Pilgrim Potthapada made answer: "Neither do I see that the ascetic Gotama has given a clear answer to any one of the ten questions. But the ascetic Gotama makes known a rule of conduct, real, true, fitting, founded on righteousness, guiding to righteousness. How could I fail to approve a rule of conduct, real, true, fitting, founded on righteousness, guiding to righteousness?"

So, after two or three days, spent, no doubt, in meditating on what he had heard, Pilgrim Potthapada betook him to where the Buddha was, determined to learn and follow in his steps. With him, says the chronicler, went Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants.

Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants, was no new comer. It is related of him, indeed, that he had seven times sought and obtained admission to the Order, and, being invincibly addicted to argument and the splitting of hairs, that he had seven times departed, each time because of some verbal difference. So, when Potthapada sought out the Buddha, his friend Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants, went with him, smuggled in, as it were, under Pilgrim Potthapada's wing. He bowed low to the Buddha, and took a seat in silence.

Then the final touch of humour. Chitta could keep silent only for a certain time. When question and answer between the Buddha and Potthapada had gone a certain length, Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants, was driven by inner compulsion to break into the discussion, and to ask one of his keenly intellectual questions. The Buddha answered him with persuasive graciousness, and forgave him, and Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants, was for the eighth time admitted to the Order, of which he became a humble and worthy member.

FRAGMENTS

WE become aware of the things for which we are looking—the things to which we attach our interest,—and interest is a feeling particularly at the command of imagination and will, as anyone who has experimented with it, ever so little, can testify. If I am walking along a road, I notice that which interests me. If the beauties of Nature—sky and cloud and trees and flowers, I see these. If I be a botanist, I see plants, common or rare varieties as the case may be. If an ornithologist, I hear and see birds; if a geologist, I notice stones and features of soil; if a farmer, I notice crops or possibilities of raising them; and I return from my expedition full of the thoughts and impressions which my particular taste or occupation has enabled me to note. Yet *all* were there.

Thus as I walk through my day, I can as well note the things of the spiritual world, all spread about me, with no veil whatsoever upon them save that of my lack of understanding, appreciation and liking. It is as easy to see the wing of an angel as the wing of a bird, for the rare birds are seldom visible save to the trained eye—the ignorant coming upon one might not tell it from a sparrow.

We become aware of the things which we really try to see, the things we value enough to labour for the seeing, the things of which our minds and hearts are possessed,—whether the cares and pleasures of material life, or the cares and delights of the Eternal—and the choice, and the cultivation of the choice, is in our own hands altogether.

Our good deeds require forgiveness quite as much as our evil ones—indeed may be more, since often they are greater perversions of what was intended. There is comfort in the thought as well as chastening. Since from all that I am I must be delivered, it is upon the deliverance itself, in its completeness, that I must fasten my attention. There is no need for so much laborious distinction, nor for those fine shades of choice, so difficult in the twilight of our inexperience. Using the ladder of grace which the Great Ones who have gone before have constructed as they climbed to Heaven, I, in my turn, may climb from the prison-house of psychic consciousness to the heights upon which they dwell, by mounting, step by step, the rungs rising before me, and refusing the least diversion of interest from the task in hand. The process is simple, both in scheme and in execution, if we take it quietly and steadily, day by day, starting with complete humility and animated by whole-hearted determination. The difficulties are found in the initial stages, before the will is finally set and the heart is given. While a man is a house divided against itself, his portion is conflict and misery.

CAVÉ.

THE HIERARCHICAL PRINCIPLE IN THE PLANT WORLD

It is almost singular that the identification of the Laws of the Spiritual World with the Laws of Nature should so long have escaped recognition. For apart from the probability on a priori grounds, it is involved in the whole structure of Parable. When any two phenomena in the two spheres are seen to be analogous, the parallelism must depend upon the fact that the Laws governing them are not analogous but identical.

DRUMMOND.

AFTER the lapse of many years, Drummond's is still not a name to conjure with. His presentation of the law of analogy, thirty years ago, proved untimely. The book was so quickly appropriated and used as a new weapon of defence for the authority of dogmatic theology, that it became identified with a controversy and was shelved. Nobody really read it.

It may have been that Drummond's contribution was untimely in a wider sense. Until the energies of the Theosophical Movement had broken up old mental moulds, and then, until they had used the first quarter of the twentieth century for constructing new channels of thought and action, perhaps it was impossible for our western minds to follow, for more than a single step, the way pointed out in that old Hermetic maxim, "as above, so below."

Truth has been revealed by God, said the theologians, and we are the only experts who can explain the revelation. Do as we say, or risk the eternal torture of your soul. Truth is being revealed, said the scientists, and we are the only experts who can reveal it. We look down the barrel of a microscope and see truth. We saw some this morning, and we can prove it. Bother your soul: you are nothing but a lump of protoplasm with acquired characteristics. That, of course, is neither a fair nor an accurate statement of the claims on either side; it travesties and burlesques the attitude of the scientists and theologians of that time, and is only a caricature of intolerant narrow-mindedness, and of intolerant materialism: but sometimes a wretched caricature points the way.

If it be true that the ancient law of analogy is a universal law, then we shall expect to find twisted fragments of it in use everywhere, probably under a hundred different names, and considered as separate and unrelated discoveries. It is only during the infancy of an art or of a branch of science, that we can be satisfied with noting likenesses and differences which are only to be explained by some novel theory or hypothesis. Soon or late, the law of our own consciousness demands that we find unity behind laws. For ex-

ample, the phenomena of the rapid passage of the human embryo through the various forms of pre-mammalian life, has been considered an important biological discovery and is designated as the "law of recapitulation." But, unfortunately, the scientists of Haeckel's day could not look up. They knew, instinctively, that the price which must be paid for knowledge of eternal law is obedience to the Eternal, and they did not wish to obey. So they kept on looking down at the material phenomena which they could see, and tried to reason up toward the generalizations which lie behind the phenomena. They perceived the law of analogy as inverted, proceeded to reason "as below, so above," and as one result, we have the current absurdity of man descended from the ape, on the highest scientific authority.

Truly, we are "heirs of the Ages," and our heritage includes not only the splendid efforts of countless men in search of truth—their mistakes as well as their successes—but it must also include all the revelations of the "Ancient Wisdom" which we are able dimly and gropingly to understand. Instead of multiplying new names and diagrams which would tend to show the interplay of blind forces in a mechanistic universe, let us try to find and observe, if we may, the appearance and operation of some universal tendency, in a world where all matter is conscious, and all forces, except man, are obedient to the law above them. Since it is truth that we would trace, we must expect to find it issuing from that marvellous world of causation which we may enter only by way of metaphysics; as we must likewise expect to find it escaping us into the shadows of the mineral world, where only the physics of radioactive substances permits our entrance a little way toward the mysteries.

The idea of a hierarchical principle behind the visible and invisible universe, is a fundamental thought in ancient philosophies which teach that one life, in many grades, extends from God to mineral; that the lesser derives from and is a reflection of the greater, and that its activities run parallel to those of its parent. Furthermore, it is taught that the superior grade does not arise from a mere compounding of the inferior, but is rather an integration of all lesser aspects into a unitary existence of a higher degree. This is a marvellously rich concept to the open-minded biologist, including as it does, not only the fields of developmental morphology, individual as well as racial, but also the province of systematic classification; for it is quite possible that our recognition of animal and vegetable species, genera, families and orders, is in truth but a recognition of the hierarchical gradations of life. The evolution of the plant and animal worlds has been, indeed, dominated by a process through which the lesser has ever been compounded into the higher. Or, since we may be reading the story in the inverse order, we may justly suggest that the drama of organic evolution has been a progressive revelation of the hierarchical principle.

Starting with the swarm of unicellular organisms which constituted the flora and fauna of the ancient sea, science traces a progressive compounding and integration from unicells into organisms composed of simple tissues, from these tissues into organs, from organs into systems, till at last the com-

plex animals and plants which now dominate the earth appear. But with these final forms the integrational principle seems, so far as science can discern, to come to an end. There is no evidence that apple trees are compounding physically with other apple trees to build up a higher organism; neither are human beings progressing toward the physical form of a Proteus many armed and many eyed. Why the apparent halt in the universal scheme? May it be that the halt is, indeed, only apparent, and that elsewhere the process continues in logical sequence? Is individuation necessarily bound up with physical continuity? Are there, perhaps, certain biological phenomena which may suggest that seemingly discrete and independent organisms may, after all, constitute a single being of a superior degree?

With this question in mind let us turn to the field of botany. It is surely not without significance that various Masters of Wisdom have drawn some of their richest symbols of the hierarchical principle from the plant world,—the vine and its branches, the sacred ash tree of Norse mythology, the famous banyan "rooted above and branching downward"—all chosen, it might seem, because plant forms and plant activities exhibit this spiritual law with special vividness.

Let us then examine for a moment a few peculiar phenomena, which have long puzzled the botanist, and see what light we may be able to throw upon our problem.

There is a lowly group of organisms found sometimes in rotting wood or among decaying leaves which the botanist calls slime moulds, though their relation to the true fungi is very slight and their animal attributes are so marked that the zoologist also lays claim to the group. In the active vegetative state the simplest forms consist of myriads of tiny amoeba-like cells, which wander here and there, wholly independent of one another, and pick up food particles by the simple expedient of flowing around them.

But as the substratum in which they are living becomes dryer, these simplest of organisms begin to behave in a peculiar manner. Obeying a mysterious "impulse," they creep toward a common point where they heap up into a small mound. Slowly the mound rises to a column. Obeying other "impulses," certain companies cling together, form walls around themselves and build up a slender, resistant stalk. Up this living ladder creep their comrades till they reach the apex of the column where they become transformed into a mass of dust-like spores. Sometimes secondary stalked and whorled spore-masses may push out from the sides of the main axis till the whole definitely individualized structure comes to mimic the fruiting bodies of certain true fungi, of certain green seaweeds, or even the whorled flower or fruit clusters of some flowering plant.

What is the explanation of the mysterious "impulse" that seems to take control of free-living and independent units, and then organizes them into a new individual of a higher degree? In this phenomenon, to what does the word "individual" apply? Is it the separate amoebae that are "individuals," or is it the organized group—the integrated mass—which deserves the name?

The botanist believes that the second of the alternatives is the more likely; to him the fruiting body is the real individual, and he gives it a Latin name. If that opinion be true, what then shall be said of the ordinary animal amoeba —the "simplest of all animals," and studied as such by every student of elementary zoölogy? Is it an independent organism, or is it, likewise, a mere unit of an organism whose true body (the swarm which has arisen from a single cell) may be scattered through many cubic feet of water? May individuality be, after all, a purely relative term?

In the sea at Naples, grows a delicate seaweed belonging to the siphonalian algae—plants so-called from the fact that their threads are not divided into visible cellular units (as is the case in most organisms), but consist, instead, of branching tubes lined with protoplasm and containing many nuclei. This type of body is obviously ill-adapted for an upright position; indeed the siphon-algae represent a point at which nature failed in her efforts to construct successful plant forms. It is interesting, however, to note that a compensatory adjustment is made of that architectural deficiency, for the alga in question, when very young, creeps along the sea bottom, and sends up branching threads, only a few inches high. Then, as it grows older, a mysterious "impulse" weaves together the separate threads into a slender rope which flares out above into a fan-like expansion. "In union there is strength," and this small, tough, firmly plaited cable is able to resist the onslaught of the waves. In more advanced members of the group, the intimacy of the union is further enhanced by odd, grappling devices whereby the individual members are enabled to join their fingers together.

In these algae, then, even as in the slime fungi, separate units are drawn together by a mysterious "impulse" to form an organism of greater complexity and solidarity.

One more example, taken from the last act of the drama of plant life, will show that the same principle is being applied most curiously to the evolution of the flower. Huxley called the flower the primer of the morphologist. Nature has lavished all her arts on it, and, to the evolutionist, it represents the marvellous perfected workmanship of millions of years of experiment. All through the division of flowering plants the hierarchical principle is at work, though it has reached its most extreme expression in the families of the spurges and the composites. The latter is the dominant family of seed plants; it embraces the asters, goldenrods, sunflowers, etc., and is estimated to include 13,000 species of plants. It rides the crest of the advancing wave of evolution. The name, "composite," itself suggests the significant character of the family; all the members possess a composite head or "compound flower"—in other words the so-called flower is really a society made up of many tiny flowers. These are commonly differentiated into central disc florets which carry on the essential work of reproduction, and a circlet of marginal ray-florets brilliantly coloured for display and insect attraction; last of all an aggregation of leaves forms a protective cup around the whole organization. The mimicry of a simple flower is most odd; the disc florets corre-

spond in position and function to pistils and stamens; the ray-florets likewise simulate petals, while the green cup resembles a true calyx. This floral society—this metaphysical marvel—as though impatient with any static condition, has not rested with the formation of a simple head; it is once more on the road to higher attainments. In the globe thistle, for example, the apparent simple heads enclose secondary heads which in their turn protect the small florets. We are quite justified in describing it as a flower of the third degree.

It is of interest to note that the compounding process is often accompanied by considerable differentiation among the individual florets themselves. Some produce pollen, some bear seed, some attract insects through colour display. This is an example of that biological principle of "division of labour" which generally accompanies colonial life. It makes unnecessary certain parts, which, while useful to the simple, free-living flower, have become superfluous and impeding to the aggregation now working together as a group. The archaic, protective calyx is quite discarded or is converted into a mechanism for seed dispersal, and even the corolla is undergoing reduction. The individual florets, in many cases, are so highly modified, that, separated from the higher unity, they would be valueless to the plant. As parts of the whole association, however, they make their contribution to the harmony. The outcome of this process of elimination and specialization must be to reduce the flowers to their essential reproductive devices. When this shall have been realized, there will result an amazing resemblance to the simplest of single flowers such as the buttercup.

In passing it may be noted that this peculiar curve in the evolution of plant and animal groups has impressed many students of fossil plants and animals. Through a process of slow secular differentiation, the highest member of a group is brought to simulate the lowest, though it may be separated from it by ages of time. Yet the last member, though similar, is never a replica of the first; it integrates all its history into a new body. The curve is not a circle—it is a spiral rather. A parallel to this phylogenetic curve is seen in the life history of an individual organism and is implied in the familiar term, "second childhood."

From these three examples—the slime-mould, the alga, the daisy—examples which might be multiplied almost indefinitely—we have come to see that the hierarchical principle is very evident in the plant world and that it is not necessarily expressed at all times in the physical form. The slime-mould, we believe, is just as truly an organism before the union of its amoeboid cells as afterwards; the unity of the algal filaments preëxisted before its phenomenal appearance; the florets of the composite head, though individual and separate from one another, are dominated by an ideal. Are spatial relations, then, but a *maya* concealing the real nature of an individual? What is a species, a genus, or a family of plants and animals? What is the "spirit of the hive" which subordinates instinctual bees and ants to the good of the group? What is a flock of birds, a school of fish, a herd of deer? What is The Theosophical Society?

Perhaps the foregoing examples show us that what for biology is a mystery, only concealed by the doubtful expedient of technical terminology, begins to take on significance and import in the light of simple metaphysical principles. To be sure the orthodox biologist will regard this interpretation as a recrudescence of the "sterile speculations of the Neo-Platonists and Nature Philosophers." He will accuse us of an attempt to substitute for gravitation, the idea of angels who trundle the planetary hoops through space. Well, metaphysics has learned something in several hundred years, and perhaps in several hundred more science may do the same—science which despises metaphysics and yet is forced to use metaphysics in defining its fundamental "reals"—matter and energy.

Some of the analogies here brought forward may be strained or even false, for this article is nothing more than an effort to voice the conviction that there is a way of redemption for science, now fast degenerating into a wearisome analysis of phenomena. It is time that we tried to open the biological realm to traffic in another direction. The way of mechanism has turned out to be a dusty path and we shall not mourn overmuch if it be closed up and labelled: Not a biological thoroughfare—Dangerous.

R. E. TORREY.

Do those things that will not injure you; and calculate before the act, nor receive sleep upon your softened eyes before you have thrice gone over each act of the day—What have I passed by? What have I done? What necessary act has not been done by me? And beginning from the first, go through them. And then, if you have acted improperly, reproach yourself; but if properly, be glad.

—PYTHAGORAS.

FIFTY YEARS

THE Theosophical Society celebrated its fiftieth anniversary at its Convention last April—well in advance, some might say. But wise with its accumulating years and their experiences, the Society knew then that we should pass the actual date, because, in fact, the period represented by the date already had been passed, so invariably does true success surmount and then accelerate time. Ahead of her generation always, being of the substance of Eternal things, she now has outstripped her own calendar by seven months,—an auspicious number for those who reckon in occult figures.

Deeply, deeply we rejoice; we, who in this seemingly frail bark staked our all, and weathered the heavy storms, the mutinies, the hourly danger of shipwreck—from rocks ahead, from submerging seas—worst of all, from traitors in our company. But bravely and staunchly, thanks to good pilots and the guiding stars, our ship has steadily advanced, true to her course, these fifty years. Deeply, deeply, do we rejoice, and with thankful hearts.

You will all remember, Fellows of the Society, in spite of this rejoicing, how stern and solemn was the note our last Convention struck, how clearly and with what emphasis our responsibility was expressed, and the need for further and greater effort. In these intervening seven months, please heaven, the resolutions and aspirations that ennobled and inspired us then, have quickened and matured, so that light and strength and vision may be ours, and courage, to meet the years that lie ahead. We shall need them all.

Let us not think the worst is over. If worst there ever be, that worst is yet to come.

In these seven months, it is to be hoped, we have tightened our armour, and looked to our equipment, and kept our weapons bright and ready. For to live we must advance. No use to say: Maintain our position. That spells ignominious defeat—dying of dry-rot without striking a blow. Die, if you must, "fighting, fighting, fighting, driven against the wall,"—never of dry-rot!

But there is no need to die—remember that. In this conflict we die if we are overcome; but if we are the stronger we cannot be overcome—so be we continue fighting. There lies the crux of the matter. For the fact is, that while we really are fighting, we always are the stronger, since the powers of the White Lodge are on our side, and though our strength be little, their strength through us can be much, if we consent to the strain of it. But, O depth of ignominy, we grow "tired," we whine because we have no rest, because it is so hard, because there is no end to it—because, because,—an endless stream of them. Or, trifling and shallow, we forget. How much "fight" is there in a man in that condition!

There is something you can do, however, even at this low stage,—you can take that wretched coward by the throat and you can choke him. Hold him, hold him,—however much he struggle, however piteously he cry, hold him, and tighten your hold until he is limp in your hand. Then, as the blackness about you lifts, you can return where the guns are roaring, and take your proper place again in the front line with your comrades. Dear place, the only dear one on earth, since it is the place the Master has assigned, and the danger he honours you by permitting you to share with him.

Facts we must face, and the bald fact is that every time we identify ourselves with our lower natures, in big or in little, we have gone over to the enemy; and the fate of the Theosophical Movement, of the Cause of the Masters of the Great Lodge, depends day by day and hour by hour, on our success or failure, on our ability to maintain "right self-identification" and to fight, open-eyed, courageous, without intermission, or desire for intermission. That spirit and that accomplishment it is which has brought us this far. That spirit and that accomplishment alone can take us one step farther.

Let us look forward a bit: what do we see? A wedge of Light, advancing slowly in the darkness, making the darkness visible. Conspicuous from every angle, each break, each waver, each irregularity distinctly seen; the watching, malignant enemy hidden and aware. Of that wedge we are a part. As it advances it grows narrower may be, drawn out because of lack of substance; the sides thin, easily broken; easily cut off from the rear. Yet One who stands at the point of the wedge does not pause. Ah! there are those about him who will fight for him to the last; but when you think of the peril is not your heart in your mouth, and is not your soul on fire to be close to him, that glorious Leader and Warrior, and if death it be, to die by his side!

These are pictures to keep in our minds, thoughts to dwell with as we go about our days, enveloped as they are in glamour and distracted by the pitch of life in Kali Yug. For these are *realities*, not the appearances upon which men usually gaze. When we contemplate them the veil has lifted somewhat, and we have become aware, if only for a moment, of what is really happening. We are seeing life in this world as it really is.

Why not so see it always? Why not give full rein to the feeling surging over us, why not live with and for Eternal things, yea, even in the streets of New York, keeping inviolate the citadel of our hearts, keeping pure and unfaded the vision of Truth. Then we cannot fail, we cannot be lost in the dust and hurry of our age and of material things. No, we shall use even them, as was intended, for means to our immortal ends, in service of the Lodge and of our Master, transmuting mud and vapour into divine agencies. Is not this the miracle of Theosophy, this turning of the lower to the higher, this transfiguration of the mortal into the Immortal? Do it in your own natures, O my friends, my comrades, and you will have gone far to do it for the whole world. So shall that wedge of Light advance, advance, into the darkness about it, until at last there shall be no darkness left,—the Day of the Great White Peace and of the Lord's Kingdom will have come.

Yet there is a word even for the weakest and least. You who feel that your knees sink under you, that your very heart turns livid—yes, there is a word even for you. Better that your name should be enrolled on the golden roll of the fallen, who at least volunteered; better to have tried and failed in a glorious Cause, than to remain as the beasts that perish—better far. And perhaps,—perhaps even for such as you it may not be failure; perhaps on your weak and useless body another may climb to success, who but for your example in trying might never have tried at all.

K.

Professing to be nothing new, claiming, indeed, an antiquity and universality far beyond the uttermost bounds of human history, Theosophy embraces every department of thought and knowledge, physical, psychic, mental and spiritual, and constitutes in itself a complete philosophy on all planes of existence. It is, in fact, the ancient Wisdom-Religion which has existed from the remotest antiquity and contains in its secret archives the history of mankind and the origin and structure of the universe. Teaching that the Divine Spirit is all and in all, that nothing is eternal save spirit, that all else is passing manifestation, transitory, impermanent and illusory, it holds forth a destiny to man the grandest and most ennobling that can be conceived.

Animated by a spark from the Divine, it is alike man's duty and his privilege to fan this spark to a glow, the glow to warmth, warmth to flame and flame to a consuming fire that burning within him shall utterly purge his complex constitution of every element that is gross and material, until finally, after, it may be, long æons of development, pure spirituality shall become his heritage, at-one-ness with the Divine his reward.

What scheme of destiny can surpass the splendour of this, what utmost aspiration or potency of bliss be unfulfilled? Self must be conquered. The way is long, the path thorny, trials and temptations will assail, the foot will be bruised, the heart will falter, courage yield, fortitude fail; again and again, mayhap, the difficult ascent must be retrodden and the weary steps be driven forward by sheer force of will; but the goal is secure, and though the successive heights tower rank on rank beyond each other there is the sustaining glory of conquering endeavour, and the end is immortality, omniscience and eternal participation in the Divine existence.—WILLIAM LUDLOW (1891).

LETTERS OF H. P. B. TO DR. FRANZ HARTMANN

1885–1886

I

OSTEND,
December 5th.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

You must really forgive me for my seeming neglect, of you, my old friend. I give my word of honour, I am worried to death with work. Whenever I sit to write a letter all my ideas are scattered, and I cannot go on with the S. D. that day. But your letter (the last) is so interesting that I must answer it as asked. You will do an excellent thing to send to the *Theosophist* this experiment of yours. It has an enormous importance in view of Hodgson's lies and charges, and I am happy you got such an independent corroboration; astral light, at any rate, cannot lie for my benefit.[1] I will only speak of No. 4 as the correctness about the three other letters you know yourself.

This looks like the private temple of the Teschu Lama near Tchigadze—made of the Madras cement-like material; it does shine like marble and is called the snowy "Shakang" (temple)—as far as I remember. It has no "sun or cross" on the top, but a kind of algiorna dagoba, triangular, on three pillars, with a dragon of gold and a globe. But the dragon has a swastica on it and this may have appeared a "cross." I don't remember any "gravel walk"—nor is there one, but it stands on an elevation (artificial) and a stone path leading to it, and it has steps—how many I do not remember (I was never allowed inside); saw from the outside, and the interior was described to me. The floors of nearly all Buddha's (Songyas) temples are made of a yellow polished stone, found in those mountains of Oural and in northern Tibet toward Russian territory. I do not know the name, but it looks like yellow marble. The "gentleman" in white may be Master, and the "bald-headed" gentleman I take to be some old shaven-headed priest. The cloak is black or very dark generally—(I brought one to Olcott from Darjeeling but where the silver buckles and the knee-breeches come from I am at a loss).[2] They

[1] This refers to the clairvoyant (psychometric) examination of an occult letter which was printed, together with the picture, in the *Theosophist* of 1886. The psychometer was a German peasant woman, entirely uninformed in regard to such things; but gave as it appears a correct description of a Buddhist temple in Tibet, with its surroundings and the inscriptions within; also of the lamas or priests and of the Master, and also of some people working in the neighbourhood of the temple. The picture could not have been read from my own mind, as I have never seen such a temple, or if I have been there in the spirit, that visit has left no trace in my personal memory.—FRANZ HARTMANN.

[2] The explanation of seeing the gentleman in knee-breeches may be that I was just then very much occupied with the spirit of the well-known occultist, Carl von Eckartshausen.—F. H.

wear, as you know, long boots—up high on the calves, made of felt and embroidered often with silver—like that devil of a Babajee had. Perhaps it is a freak of astral vision mixed with a flash of memory (by association of ideas) about some picture she saw previously. In those temples there are always movable "pictures," on which various geometrical and mathematical problems are placed for the disciples who study astrology and symbology. The "vase" must be one of many Chinese queer vases about in temples, for various objects. In the corners of the temples there are numerous statues of various deities (Dhyanis). The roofs are always (almost always) supported by rows of wooden pillars dividing the roof into three parallelograms, and the mirror "Melong" of burnished steel (round like a sun) is often placed on the top of the Kiosque on the roof. I myself took it once for the sun. Also on the cupolas of the (dagoba) there is sometimes a graduated pinnacle, and over it a disk of gold placed vertically, and a pear-shaped point and often a crescent supporting a globe and swastica upon it. Ask her whether it is this she saw, Omt ram ah hri hum, which figures are roughly drawn sometimes on the Melong "mirrors"—(a disk of brass) against evil spirits—for the mob. Or perhaps what she saw was a row of slips of wood (little cubes), on which such things are seen: If so, then I will know what she saw. "Pine woods" all around such temples, the latter built expressly where there are such woods, and wild prickly pear, and trees with Chinese fruit on that the priests use for making inks. A lake is there, surely, and mountains plenty—if where Master is; if near Tchigadze—only little hillocks. The statues of Meilha Gualpo, the androgyne Lord of the Salamanders or the Genii of Air, look like this "sphinx"; but her lower body is lost in clouds, not fish, and she is not beautiful, only symbolical. Fisherwomen do use soles alone, like the sandals, and they all wear fur caps. That's all; will this do? But do write it out.

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

II

WÜRTZBURG,
December ( ), 1885.

MY DEAR CONSPIRATOR[3]:—

Glad to receive from your letter such an emanation of true holiness. I too wanted to write you; tried several times and failed. Now I can. The dear Countess Wachtmeister is with me, and copies for me, and does what she can in helping, and the first five minutes I have of freedom I utilize them by answering your letter. Now, as you know, I also am occupied with my book. It took possession of me (the epidemic of writing) and crept on "with the silent influence of the itch," as Olcott elegantly expresses it—until it

[3] H. P. B. used to call me in fun her "conspirator" or "confederate," because the stupidity of certain persons went so far as to accuse me of having entered into a league with her for the purpose of cheating myself.—F. H.

reached the fingers of my right hand, got possession of my brain—carried me completely into the region of the occult.[4] I have written in a fortnight more than 200 pages (of the *Isis* shape and size). I write day and night, and sure that my *Secret Doctrine* shall be finished this—no, no, not *this*—year, but the next. I have refused your help, I have refused Sinnett's help and that of everyone else. I did not feel like writing—now I do. I am permitted to give out for each chapter a page out of the Book of Dzyan—the oldest document in the world, of that I am sure—and to comment upon and explain its symbology. I think really it shall be worth something, and hardly here and there a few lines of dry facts from *Isis*. It is a completely new work.

My "satellite,"[5] I do not need him. He is plunged to his neck in the fascinations of Elberfeld, and is flirting in the regular style with the Gebhard family. They are dear people and are very kind to him. The "darling Mrs. ———" has shown herself a brick—unless done to attract attention and as a *coup d'état* in the bonnet business. But I shall not slander on mere speculation; I do think she has acted courageously and honourably; I send you the *Pall Mall* to read and to return if you please; take care of the paper—

To have never existed, good friend, *is assuredly better*. But once we do exist we must not do as the Servian soldiers did before the invincible Bulgarians *or our bad Karma*, we must not desert the post of honour entrusted to us. A room may be always had at Würtzburg; but shall you find yourself contented for a long time with it? Now the Countess is with me, and I could not offer you anything like a bed, since we two occupy the bedroom; but even if you were here, do you think you would not go fidgeting again over your fate? Ah, do keep quiet and wait—and try to *feel* once in your life—and then do not come at night, as you did two nights ago, to frighten the Countess out of her wits. Now you did materialize very neatly this time, you did.[6] Quite so.

Yours in the great fear of the year 1886—nasty number.

H. P. B.

III

(No Date.)

My dear Doctor:—

Two words in answer to what the Countess told me. I do myself harm, you say, "in telling everyone that Damodar is in Tibet, when he is only at Benares." You are mistaken. He left Benares toward the middle of May, (ask in Adyar; I cannot say for certain whether it was in May or April) and went off, as everybody knows, to Darjeeling, and thence to the frontier *via* Sikkim. Our Darjeeling Fellows accompanied him a good way. He wrote

[4] This was in answer to a letter in which I complained of the irresistible impulse that caused me to write books, very much against my inclination, as I would have preferred to devote more time, to "self-development."—F. H.

[5] Babajee.—F. H.

[6] I know nothing about it.—F. H.

a last word from there to the office bidding good-bye and saying: "If I am not back by July 21st you may count me as dead." He did not come back, and Olcott was in great grief and wrote to me about two months ago, to ask me whether I knew anything. News had come by some Tibetan pedlars in Darjeeling that a young man of that description, with very long flowing hair, had been found frozen in the (forget the name) pass, stark dead, with twelve rupees in his pockets and his things and hat a few yards off. Olcott was in despair, but Maji told him (and he, D., lived with Maji for some time at Benares), that he was not dead,—she knew it through pilgrims who had returned, though Olcott supposes—which may be also—that she knew it clairvoyantly. Well I know that he is alive, and am almost certain that he is in Tibet—as I am certain also that he will not come back—not for years, at any rate. Who told you he was at Benares? We want him sorely now to refute all Hodgson's guesses and inferences that I simply call lies, as much as my "spy" business and forging—the blackguard: now mind, I do not give myself out as infallible in this case. But I do know that he told me before going away—and at that moment he would not have said a fib, when he wept like a Magdalen. He said, "I go for your sake. If the Maha Chohan is satisfied with my services and my devotion, He may permit me to vindicate you by proving that Masters *do* exist. If I fail no one shall ever see me for years to come, but I will send messages. But I am determined in the meanwhile to make people give up searching for me. I want them to believe I am dead."

This is why I think he must have arranged some trick to spread reports of his death by freezing.

But if the poor boy had indeed met with such an accident—why I think I would commit suicide; for it is out of pure devotion for me that he went.[7] I would never forgive myself for this, for letting him go. That's the truth and only the truth. Don't be harsh, Doctor—forgive him his faults and mistakes, willing and unwilling.

The poor boy, whether dead or alive, has no happy times now, since he is on probation and this is terrible. I wish you would write to someone at Calcutta to enquire from Darjeeling whether it is so or not. Sinnett will write to you, I think. I wish you would.

Yours ever gratefully,

H. P. B.

IV

(No Date.)

My dear Doctor:—

I read your part two—and I found it excellent, except two or three words you ought to change if you care for truth, and not to let people think you

[7] The fact is that Damodar was never asked to go to Tibet, but begged to be permitted to go there, and at last went with the permission of H. P. B., on which occasion I accompanied him to the steamer.—F. H.

have some animus yet against Olcott.[8] Such as at the end "Presidential orders" and too much assurance about "fictions," nor are Masters (as living men) any more a fiction than you and I. But this will do. Thus, I have nothing whatever against your theory, though you do make of me a sort of a tricking medium.

But this does not matter, since I wrote to Dr. S. H. and will write to all—"Mme. Blavatsky of the T. S. is dead." I belong no longer to the European Society, nor do I regret it. You as a psychologist and a man of acute perception, must know that there are situations in this life, when mental agony, despair, disgust, outraged pride, and honour, and suffering, become so intense that there are but two possible results—either death from a broken heart, or ice-cold indifference and callousness. Being made to live for purposes I do not know myself—I have arrived at the latter state. The basest ingratitude from one I have loved as my own son, one whom I have shielded and protected from harm, whom I have glorified at the expense of truth and my own dignity, has thrown upon me that straw which breaks the camel's back.[9] It is broken for the T. S. and for ever. For two or three true friends that remain I will write the S. D. and then depart for some quiet corner to die there. You have come to the conviction that the "Masters" are "planetary spirits"—that's good; remain in that conviction.

I wish I could hallucinate myself to the same degree. I would feel happier, and throw off from the heart the heavy load, that I have desecrated their names and Occultism by giving out its mysteries and secrets to those unworthy of either. If I could see you for a few hours, if I could talk to you; I may open your eyes, perhaps, to some truths you have never suspected. I could show you who it was (and give you proofs), who set Olcott against you, who ruined your reputation, and aroused the Hindu Fellows against you, who made me hate and despise you, till the voice of one who is the voice of God to me pronounced those words that made me change my opinion.[10]

I could discover and unveil to you secrets for your future safety and guidance. But I must see you personally for all this and you have to see the Countess. Otherwise I cannot write. If you can come here, even for a few hours, to say good-bye to me and hear a strange tale, that will prove of benefit to many a Fellow in the future as to yourself, do so. If you cannot, I ask you on your honour to keep this private and confidential.

Ah, Doctor, Karma is a fearful thing; and the more one lives in his inner life, outside this world and in regions of pure spirituality and psychology, the less he knows human hearts. I proclaim myself in the face of all—the biggest, the most miserable, the stupidest and dullest of all women on the face of the earth. I have been true to all. I have tried to do good to all. I have sacrificed myself for all and a whole nation,—and I am and feel as though

[8] This refers to my *Report* of Observation at the Headquarters at Adyar.—F. H.

[9] Babajee, whose Brahmanical conceit caused him to turn against H. P. B. when he became convinced that he could not make her a tool for the propaganda of his creed.—F. H.

[10] This explains the letter printed in the notorious book of V. S. Solovyoff, page 124. The intrigue was acted by Babajee, who, while professing great friendship for me, acted as a traitor and spy.—F. H.

caught in a circle of flaming coals, surrounded on all sides like an unfortunate fly with torn-off wings—by treachery, hatred, malice, cruelty, lies; by all the iniquities of human nature, and I can see wherever I turn—but one thing—a big, stupid, trusting fool—"H. P. B."—surrounded by a thick crowd circling her[11] of traitors, fiends, and tigers in human shape.

Good-bye if I do not see you, for I will write no more. Thanks for what you have done for me. Thanks, and may you and your dear, kind sister be happy.

Yours,

H. P. B.

V

(No Date.)

My dear Doctor:—

Every word of your letter shows to me that you are on the right path, and I am mighty glad of it for you. Still, one may be on the right way, and allow his past-self to bring up too forcibly to him the echoes of the past and a little dying-out prejudice to distort them. When one arrives at knowing himself, he must know others also, which becomes easier. You have made great progress in the former direction; yet, since you cannot help misjudging others a little by the light of old prejudices, I say you have more work to do in this direction. All is not and never was bad at Adyar. The intentions were all good, and that's why, perhaps, they have led Olcott and others direct to fall, as they had no discrimination. The fault is not theirs, but of circumstances and individual karmas.

The first two pages of your letter only repeat that, word for word, which I taught Olcott and Judge and others in America. This is the right occultism. Arrived at Bombay, we had to drop Western and take to Eastern Rosicrucianism. It turned (out) a failure for the Europeans, as the Western turned (out) a failure for the Hindus. This is the secret, and the very root of the failure. But, having mixed up the elements in the so-desired Brotherhood—that could not be helped. Please do not misunderstand me. Occultism is one and universal at its root. Its external modes differ only. I certainly did not want to disturb you to come here only to hear disagreeable things, but (I) do try: (*a*) to make you see things in their true light, which could only benefit you; and (*b*) to show you things written in the *Secret Doctrine* which would prove to you that that which you have lately learned in old Rosicrucian works, I knew years ago, and now have embodied them. Cross and such symbols are world-old. Every symbol must yield three fundamental truths and four implied ones, otherwise the symbol is false. You gave me only one, but so far it is a very correct one. In Adyar you have learned many of such implied

[11] The crowd alluded to is the same Brahmano-Jesuitical army which has now ensnared certain well-meaning but short-sighted "leaders" of the European Section T. S.—F. H.

truths, because you were not ready; now you may have the rest through self-effort. But don't be ungrateful, whatever you do. Do not feel squeamish and spit on the path—however unclean in some of its corners—that leads you to the Adytum at the threshold of which you now stand. Had it not been for Adyar and its trials you never would have been where you are now, but in America married to some new wife who would have knocked the last spark of mysticism out of your head, or confirmed you in your spiritualism, or what is worse, one of you would have murdered the other. When you find another man who, like poor Olcott, will love and admire you as he did—sincerely and honestly—take him, I say, to your bosom and try to correct his faults by kindness, not by venomous satire and chaff. We have all erred, and we have all been punished, and now we have learned better. I never gave myself out for a full-blown occultist, but only for a student of Occultism for the last thirty-five or forty years. Yet I am enough of an occultist to know that before we find the Master within our own hearts and seventh principle—we need an outside Master. As the Chinese Alchemist says, speaking of the necessity of a living teacher: "Every one seeks long life (spiritual), but the secret is not easy to find. If you covet the precious things of Heaven you must reject the treasures of the earth. You must kindle the fire that springs from the water and evolve the Om contained within the Tong; one word from a wise Master and you possess a draught of the golden water."

I got my drop from my Master (the living one); you, because you went to Adyar. He is a saviour, he who leads you to finding the Master within yourself. It is ten years already that I preach the inner Master and God and never represented our Masters as saviours in the Christian sense. Nor has Olcott, gushing as he is. I did think for one moment that you had got into the epidemic of a "Heavenly Master and Father God," and glad I am to find my mistake. This was only natural. You are just one of those with whom such surprises may be expected at any moment. Commit one mistake, and turn for one moment out of the right path you are now pursuing, and you will land in the arms of the Pope. Olcott does not preach what you say, Doctor. He teaches the Hindus to rely upon themselves,[12] and that there is no Saviour save their own Karma. I want you to be just and impartial; otherwise you will not progress. Well, if you do not come and have a talk—I will feel sorry, for I will never see you again. If you do, the Countess and I will welcome you.

Yours ever truly,

H. P. B.

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[12] The reputed "Postscript" in No. 7, Vol. XVI, of the *Theosophist*, goes to show that in this case H. P. B. was wrong.—F. H.

(*To be continued*)

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART V. SECTIONS 3–10

A KING-INITIATE

FOR several reasons, the story of King Pravahana Jaivali is one of the most interesting single passages in the Upanishads. To begin with one of the lesser reasons, it is contained in each of the two greatest Upanishads, with significant variants, of which we shall have something to say. Now it happens that, of these two great Upanishads, the *Chhandogya* is traditionally affiliated with the *Sama Veda*, while the *Brihad Aranyaka* is in the same way associated with the *White Yajur Veda*. But the simple truth is that the version in the *Chhandogya* has nothing in the world to do with the *Sama Veda*, just as the version in the *Brihad Aranyaka* has no real relation whatever to the *Yajur Veda*. Nor have the divergences between the two versions any possible connection with the relation of these two Vedas to each other. The same tradition links the *Katha Upanishad* to the *Yajur Veda* and the *Prashna Upanishad* to the *Atharva Veda*, while the *Aitareya Upanishad* is assigned to the *Rig Veda*.

There would seem to be excellent reasons for regarding this whole process of affiliating the great Upanishads with one or another Veda as so much fiction, albeit fairly ancient fiction. And this antique fancy has given birth to another, which one finds repeated again and again in the writings of Western Orientalists: the supposition, namely, that the Upanishads represent the intellectual speculations of the Brahmans, of the various schools which handed down the verses of the Vedas, and commented on them. There is convincing evidence of two things which bear directly on this view, in the story of King Pravahana. First, it is made absolutely clear that the most essential part of the Upanishad teaching, as set forth in this story, did not belong to the Brahmans, nor did it originate with them. Second, it is made equally clear that this central essence is in no wise the result of intellectual speculation. A wholly different origin is assigned to it.

This central essence is, in fact, the substance of the Greater Mysteries, imparted to the tried and tested candidate during Initiation. The essential teaching of the Mysteries may be divided into two parts, which are really inseparable: the teaching of Reincarnation and the teaching of Liberation. As revealed in Initiation, in the complete cycle of Initiations, this twofold teaching presents the entire spiritual structure and substance of the Universe. The teaching of Reincarnation discloses the infinitely varying destinies of the vast majority of mankind, and every phase of operation of the law of Karma. The teaching of Liberation, as practically and immediately

experienced in the cycle of Initiations, carries the candidate upward through stage after stage of the ascending spiritual spheres. As the Disciple becomes the Adept, as the Adept becomes the Mahatma, the Buddha, the Dhyan Chohan, he will see and experience face to face every reality and power in the whole spiritual Universe, up to, and including, the Eternal Mystery.

This whole cycle is indicated in the story of King Pravahana, in a symbolic form which is at no point difficult to penetrate, if we use the clues to be found scattered through the Upanishads. The symbols belong to what has been called the Mystery Language. They appear to be exactly the same as those which are used, let us say, in the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, and in the earlier and more mystical chapters of the *Popol Vuh*, which is almost the only accessible record of the ancient Occult Schools of Guatemala and Central America. It may be suggested, in passing, that a part of the substance of the *Popol Vuh* is so ancient that it contains memories of the spiritual history and powers of the Third Race, and also of the sinking of Atlantis.

With this preface, we may come to the story of King Pravahana, as it is told in the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, adding more detailed comment at the end.

King Pravahana Jaivali

Shvetaketu, verily, grandson of Aruni, went to the assembly of the Panchalas. Him Pravahana, son of Jivala, addressed:

"Youth, has thy father instructed thee in the teaching handed down?"

"He has instructed me, Sire."

"Knowest thou how these beings, going forth at death, go upward?"

"No, Sire."

"Knowest thou how they return hither again?"

"No, Sire."

"Knowest thou the parting of the two ways, Path of the Gods and Path of the Fathers?"

"No, Sire."

"Knowest thou how that world is not filled to overflowing?"

"No, Sire."

"Knowest thou how, at the fifth offering, the Waters arise and speak with human voice?"

"No, Sire."

"How, then, didst thou say that thou hast been instructed? For how could he, who knew not these things, say he had been instructed?"

He, verily, put to confusion, went to his father's dwelling, and said to him:

"Without having instructed me, verily, thou saidst, Sire, 'I have instructed thee.' The Rajanya has asked me five questions. I was not able to set forth one of them."

He said:

"As thou hast told them to me, I do not know even one of them. If I had known them, how should I not have told them to thee?"

So Gautama went to the King's dwelling. When he had come thither, the King had due honour shown to him. On the morrow, he went up to the assembly. To him the King said:

"Of the wealth of men, honoured Gautama, thou mayest choose a wish."

He said:

"Thine, verily, O King, be the wealth of men! But that word which thou saidst in the presence of the youth, declare that to me!"

This was difficult for him. He commanded him:

"Abide thou here a certain time."

He said to him:

"As thou hast said to me, Gautama, as this Wisdom never previously, before thee, goes to the Brahmans, because of this, therefore, among all peoples it has been the rule of the Kshattriya."

Then he said to him:

"That world, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; of it, the son of Aditi is the fuel; his rays are the enveloping smoke; day is the flame; the moon, the embers; the lunar mansions among the stars are the sparks. In it, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer Faith; from it, thus offered, the Lunar Lord comes to birth.

"The Rain-lord, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; of it, the Wind-lord is the fuel; cloud is the enveloping smoke; lightning is the flame; the thunderbolt, the embers; the thunderings, the sparks. In it, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer the Lunar Lord; from the Lunar Lord, thus offered, rain comes to birth.

"The Earth-Power, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; of it, the circling year is the fuel; the radiant ether is the enveloping smoke; night is the flame; the directions of space, the embers; the intermediate directions, the sparks. In it, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer the rain; from it, thus offered, food comes to birth.

"Man, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; of him, the perceptive and active powers are the fuel, the enveloping smoke, the flame, the embers, the sparks. In him, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer food; from it, thus offered, the power of generation comes to birth.

"Woman, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; in her, the formative powers are the fuel, the smoke, the flame, the embers, the sparks. In her, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer the power of generation; from it, thus offered, the embryo comes to birth. Thus, verily, at the fifth offering, the Waters arise and speak with human voice.

"After he has lain within for ten lunar months, or for however long it be, as the embryo covered by the chorion, he comes to birth. Having been born, he lives his full life span. When he has gone forth from the body at the appointed time, the fires, verily, take him whence he has come, whence he came to birth.

"Then those who truly know, and they who, in the forest, worship, saying, 'Faith, fervour,' they, verily, come to birth to the flame, from the flame to

the day, from the day to the fortnight of increasing moonlight, from the fortnight of increasing moonlight to the six months when the sun goes northward, from these months to the circling year, from the circling year to the son of Aditi, from the son of Aditi to the moon, from the moon to the lightning; there is a Spiritual Man, not of the sons of men; he causes them to enter into the Eternal. This is the path, the Way of the Gods.

"But they who, in the dwellings, worship, saying, 'Sacrificial rites, purification, giving of gifts,' they, verily, come to birth to the smoke, from the smoke to the night, from the night to the waning fortnight, from the waning fortnight to the six months when the sun goes southward, the months which do not attain the circling year; from these months to the realm of the Fathers, from the realm of the Fathers to the shining ether, from the shining ether to the moon; there is the Lunar Lord. That is the food of the Bright Powers; him, the Bright Powers consume.

"Having dwelt there so long as the accumulation lasts, they return again by the same road to the shining ether, from the shining ether to the wind; having become wind, he becomes smoke; having become smoke, he becomes mist; having become mist, he becomes rain-cloud; having become rain-cloud, he descends as rain; then in this world as rice or barley, herbs or trees, sesame or beans; thence, verily, it is difficult to come forth; when one eats this food and turns it into vital power, he comes to birth again.

"Then they whose conduct here is righteous, the prospect for them is that they will enter a righteous birth, birth as a Brahman, a Kshattriya, a Vaishya; but they whose conduct is foul, the prospect for them is that they will enter a foul birth, birth as a dog, as a pig, as an outcast.

"But they who go by neither of these paths, are these mean beings continually returning, 'Be born, die!' as they say; this is a third station. Therefore that world is not filled to overflowing. Therefore let him seek to guard himself from that. There is this verse:

"He who steals gold, he who drinks intoxicating liquor, he who dishonours his teacher, he who slays a knower of the Eternal, these four fall, and, fifth, he who associates with them.

"But he who knows these Five Fires, even though associating with these, is not stained by evil; clean, purified, possessing a holy world is he who knows thus, who knows thus."

Commentary

There are obscurities, and probably both omissions and interpolations in the text, but its general meaning is clear. Let us try to shed some further light on it by comparing with it the parallel version in the Sixth Part of the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad*.

There are certain minor differences in the wording of the questions which King Pravahana addresses to the youth Shvetaketu; when the youth had failed to answer them, the King invited him to remain, with an implied promise to

instruct him, but the youth, disregarding the invitation, ran away to his father. Again, when his father, who is called in both versions Gautama, son of Aruna, had confessed that he also could answer none of the questions, he suggested that he and his son should go together to King Pravahana, to become his disciples. The youth answered, "Go thyself, Sire!" So the father, with the humility that his son so completely lacked, came alone to the court of King Pravahana.

The King welcomed him, bade him be seated, and had water brought for him. Then, it would seem, Gautama gave a gift to the King; though the text is not certain, and the pronouns are not quite clear. However this may be, the King said:

"To the honourable Gautama we give a wish."

Then he said:

"The wish is promised to me! The word which thou saidst in the presence of the youth, declare that to me!"

He said:

"Among divine wishes is this, Gautama. Therefore ask a wish of human wishes."

He said:

"It is known; there is store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slaves, of tapestries and robes. Be not niggardly toward me, Sire, in that which is mighty, infinite, illimitable!"

"Then in the consecrated way, Gautama, this should be sought!"

"I come to the Master as a disciple!" for saying this, verily, they came of old time as disciples. So, acknowledging that he was his disciple, he dwelt with him.

So far this added passage, which enriches the other version in a definite way; for the offer of the human wishes, by which the King tries and tests his visitor, is a sacramental formula, so to speak, for the trials and tests of the aspirant for discipleship. It is almost word for word the same as the offer made by Yama, Lord of Death, to Nachiketas. It is the equivalent of "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," in another Drama of Initiation.

This sacramental formula, therefore, makes it clear that it is here a question of the trials preceding Initiation, and thereafter of Initiation.

The substance of the teaching regarding the Five Fires, to which we shall return, is practically the same in both versions. Then once more, we ave certain illuminating additions:

"He lives as long as he lives, and so, when he dies, they bring him to the fire. . . . In the fire, the Bright Powers offer the man; from this offering, the man is born of the colour of the sun. They who know this thus, and they who, in the forest, worship Faith and Truth, they, verily, come to birth to the flame, from the flame to the day, from the day to the fortnight of increasing moonlight, from the fortnight of increasing moonlight to the six months when the sun goes northward, from these months to the world of the Bright Powers, from the world of the Bright Powers to the sun, from the sun to the

lightning realm; to them, become as lightning, a Spiritual Man, Mind-born, coming, causes them to go to the worlds of the Eternal. In those worlds of the Eternal they dwell for illimitable ages. For them, there is no return."

This is in certain respects the better version. In both, it is quite clear that we are in presence of a natural symbolism, in which are contrasted the fire and the smoke of the funeral pyre, day and night, the waxing and waning month, the waxing and waning year, to represent a series of ascending planes, with their positive and negative poles.

Those who, in the forest, that is, in the life of discipleship, worship Faith and Truth, representing the principle called Buddhi, rise from the fire in a vesture of the colour of the sun, and ascend through the succession of planes, in each gravitating to the positive pole. It is again a picture of Initiation. Then, when they have attained the spiritual world, spoken of as the realm of lightning, the Spiritual Man, the Mind-born son of Brahma, who is the Higher Self, causes them to enter the Eternal. For them, there is no return, the cycle of rebirth has been fulfilled. This, then, is the Path of the Gods, the Way of Liberation.

Equally clear is the description of the Path of the Fathers, which is the Way of Reincarnation. We shall gain a clue to these two names, if we remember the teaching that the Higher Ego is the Manasa-putra, the Mind-born; while the middle nature, the psychic man, is the representative of the Lunar Pitri, the Father, the Lunar Lord of our symbolism. Those in whom the centre of consciousness and will and love is in the higher nature, are thereby drawn to the positive pole of each successive plane, and thence, through the mediation of the Higher Self, to the Eternal. But those in whom the centre of consciousness and will and love is in the psychic, or lunar, nature, are thereby bound; they are drawn toward the negative pole of each plane, until they come to the lunar realm, which has been called Devachan. There they remain, until the accumulation of spiritual energy has worked itself out. Then they return to birth by the selfsame way. The planes, becoming increasingly more material, are graphically described as ether, wind, smoke, mist, rain. The actual incarnation is also described in symbolism almost as transparent; the incarnating person must find, by psychical gravitation, a family magnetically akin to him; until he does, "it is difficult to come forth."

With the fuller insight coming from the later sections of our story, it is not difficult to find the meaning of the earlier, in which the Five Fires are described. It is once more a description of the descent into incarnation, whether at the beginning of a world-period or at each rebirth. Faith, sacrificed in the first fire, is once more the spiritual nature, which is in a sense sacrificed on that plane by the necessity of descending to the plane below, where the Lunar Lord, the psychic nature, is born, or emanated from the spiritual nature. So the soul descends into birth.

The Man and the Woman have both a literal and a universal meaning; they are of the macrocosm as well as the microcosm, Purusha and Prakriti in the Cosmos, as well as man and woman on this earth. And the five ele-

ments, fuel, flame, sparks, and so on, in each of the sacrificial fires, represent at once forces in the different principles of the individual man, and the corresponding forces on each plane of manifested Nature.

So we have in outline the teaching, the imparting of which through immediate spiritual experience constitutes Initiation into the Greater Mysteries. Through such Initiation, and not through intellectual speculation, comes the wisdom which the great Upanishads impart, while veiling it in symbolism.

This brings us to an exceedingly interesting question: Who was in possession of this wisdom? To whom did the institution of the Mysteries belong? It is because the story of King Pravahana answers this question that we have called it one of the most interesting passages in the Upanishads.

The father of the youth, who in both versions is called Gautama, son of Aruna, is a Brahman; the words of the King make this quite clear. More than that, he has imparted to his son the hereditary lore handed down among the Brahmans, and another passage, which comes later in the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, and in which the same father and son appear to figure, makes it clear that both father and son had studied and learned by heart the whole of the *Rig*, *Yajur* and *Sama Vedas*, which are there mentioned by name. So they were fully instructed Brahmans.

Is it, then, conceivable that these Brahmans could be thus familiar with the three holy Vedas, and yet be completely ignorant of the twin teaching of Reincarnation and Liberation? It is conceivable, for there is in fact no mention of either doctrine in the *Rig Veda*, and the two other Vedas are built of essentially the same materials. It would appear that the view of the world after death, in the *Rig Veda*, is not in harmony with this twofold teaching, but is rather what may be described as Ancestor Worship; the souls of the father, grandfather and ascending ancestors dwell in a shadowy world, where they are dependent for their well-being on offerings of food made by their descendants. And this view, with the obligation of offering food to the shadowy ancestors, has been so deep-rooted and persistent, that even to-day it is the central principle of popular Hinduism. The theory of Brahmanical law is that the son inherits his father's property primarily that he may have the means of offering the periodical sacrifices, called Shraddha, to the shade of his father and to those of his ascending predecessors; and when it has been shown that a certain individual, acting in accordance with the Brahmanical rules, has offered the Shraddha, this is taken by the courts as evidence that he is the rightful heir. When sons are lacking, a son may be adopted; and immense importance attaches to the adoption of sons in India, precisely for this reason.

So that in fact the *Rig Veda*, the central spiritual heritage of the Brahmans, does not contain the teaching of Reincarnation and Liberation. Shvetaketu might have known the *Rig Veda* by heart, as we are told he did know it, and yet have remained entirely ignorant of any knowledge of Reincarnation and Liberation, and therefore unable to answer even one of the five questions which the Rajanya addressed to him.

Rajanya is the equivalent of Rajaputra, the modern form of which is Rajput. Concerning the relation of the Rajanyas to the Brahmans, the Vaishyas and Shudras, there is an interesting passage in the *Mahabharata*, which tells us that "the colour of the Brahman is white, the colour of the Kshattriya is red, the colour of the Vaishya is yellow, the colour of the Shudra is black." Since the skin colour of the Brahman is to this day white, while the lowest castes are black, it is antecedently possible that the two other colours named are also skin colours. A direct study of the Rajputs of pure race shows, in fact, that they are a red race; while non-Aryan races, like the Santals and Shavaras, who still follow agriculture, the traditional occupation of the Vaishya, are yellow, though deeply sun-tanned.

Between the Brahman and the Shudra of to-day, there is obviously a difference of race. It would seem that there is also a like difference between Rajput and Brahman, the one belonging to a red race, the other to a white. Perhaps it would be accurate to say that they represent different subdivisions of the same sub-race, corresponding to the differences between the great Races. It would further appear that the Rajputs, not the Brahmans, were in possession of the Greater Mysteries, which were "handed down from Guru to Guru among them," as the Commentary on this passage attributed to Shankara Acharya expresses it; and that we have, in the story of Pravahana and Gautama, the first instance of the Initiation of a Brahman into these Mysteries, which "never before had been imparted to a Brahman." Pravahana, son of Jivala, the King and Initiator, is the central figure in this epoch-making event.

C. J.

(*To be continued*)

To bear adversity well, is difficult; but to be temperate in prosperity, is the height of wisdom.—FROM THE SANSCRIT.

MY PACK OF QUESTIONS

IT is popularly understood that the hero of *Pilgrim's Progress* bore his sins on his back, in a great pack of which he longed to divest himself. Sometimes I doubt it, and suspect that what really weighed him down was the number of questions life had brought, to which he could get no answers. Being an earnest and a prudent body, he might easily have amassed an alarming quantity of them,—and being a forceful person, their very bulk might have led him to take steps to get rid of them. Bunyan does not appear to have been impressed with this phase of Pilgrim's trials, but I regard him as a comrade, for I frequently carry around with me bundles of questions that would match his pack. Only, instead of picking up my pack and going off determinedly in search of help, I am inclined to add to the accumulation, bemoaning its weight but secretly making use of it for shade and warmth.

Some of my questions, I have shamefacedly to admit, could readily be answered by a little investigation at any library—and yet I do not take them there. Others would be resolved by patient digging into the books that I have by me—but I do not dig. Others have to do with secrets that do not thrive on printer's ink,—such questions as: "How does a human being feel?" It is true that many of those who have gone a long way toward becoming human, have written accounts of their inmost feelings. These ought to help me, and they do until I reach the point of practical application to some situation confronting me. It may be a vigorous, intelligent, spirited boy who, having been found in some relatively minor fault, is betrayed into lying down on his back and wailing over the injustice of life and the uselessness of further effort. The case is before me, and it is my move. I look over my cabinet of examples, and I see that on a similar occasion a certain big soul entertained and charmed the culprit, until shortly the youngster was himself again, standing on his own feet and eager to do what he could to repair his wrong-doing. Alongside that is another example—a man who just opened his heart and let his little friend see and feel how unworthy, how contemptible such an attitude was in anyone, even a boy, who wished to face life as a real man should—making for him a picture of courage that glowed in his memory and saved him from many a misadventure. Then there was a third man who touched the boy's whole life by a different method. He took time to get into the boy's mind and heart, at that moment of low ebb; he discovered just how the boy took his wrong turn when the pressure upon him was a bit too strong. Seeing clearly both the right path and the point at which the boy had left it, he was able to make the boy see also —together they looked at the situation with the interest that the boy might have brought to the working out of a puzzle, and he acquired, then and there, a method of working out the next puzzle, plus the desire to do it. *Three* excellent examples for me, but which can I best adopt and apply to the case before me?

Then there are so many times when, in one's own training, one longs to know how other human beings are feeling, as they meet the very conditions that confront oneself. Take such a simple, external matter as bad weather. This is an unseasonable day; cold, with a high wind and driving rain. Duty does not call me out into it, so my only necessary contact with the weather is with its chill. And yet I find that I am not what I call *myself*. There are centres inside me that grumble and moan over the lack of "tone" which sunshine brings them; there are lazy ones that loudly proclaim the impossibility of doing this or that in such weather; there are cunning ones that let slip duties with which they are charged, and plead the weather in self-defence. I wish I knew whether the same ferment is going on in the other people around me. They look steady and responsible as they go about their usual occupations, scolding a bit over the day, but plodding or racing on. Are they in the midst of such inner revolt and confusion as I feel? Why, I ask myself, do I care for an answer to that question—what can it matter to me one way or the other? There I get a clue, for perhaps it matters because I want to feel that I am not behaving so much worse than the rest of my fellows. If they were suffering from none of those inner complainings, then I should try to beat my whisperers back and bid them be dumb. But if that ought to be done, why not do it? Have I no standards of my own that I need to go peering into other people's windows, to see where theirs register? It is perfectly simple, says another part of myself. You have duties; you should do them, fair weather or foul, thinking not of the conditions made for you, but of the trust reposed in you when another day of life was granted to one so often negligent, or asleep on post. Are you fearful that you may, if you stop measuring by others, put too much effort, too much love, too much of selflessness into the day? What possible excuse is there for this mania, except it be a lurking desire to feel yourself companioned when night comes, and you have to offer up a day that you must see falls far short of your best?

Checkmate there; but quickly came a new question of a hardier breed: What sin, what fault, what lack in me most hinders the work that I long to do for Masters? The chances are that I have not been left in the dark about it; friends must have pointed it out to me—little people and hostile people must have met that obstruction in me and tripped over it with dismay or delight. *Which* is it? Shall I let it grow older and stronger, to flout me still more defiantly? Demanding an answer, the answers came in droves. Turn whichever way I would, there stood another accusing answer, ready to champion some new fault or other as the gravest and the most sapping. Just before their number completely overwhelmed me, I recalled King Midas—I had always believed that a good hearty laugh at the dire results of his golden touch would have freed him and his victims from it. Now I had the chance to test the remedy on myself,—and with all the confidence I could summon, I laughed in the face of all those faults that dared to call me father; laughed, and grabbed the nearest one, firmly. Instantly, the others, rallying to the rescue, under-

took to show me that they were far more worthy of my attention, far more desperate. Frequently, I had been tricked in that manner, but this time I turned my back upon them all and looked over my captive.

It was one of the meekest looking of the whole crowd; its name was Inattention. All my life it had clung close to me and had balked me in many an achievement. Still we were better friends than I cared to admit. Strangely enough it had done me many a good turn, for its twin-brother, Attention, would always work for me to good purpose whenever it suited Inattention to flash the signal, while my frantic signals went unheeded. Now, with its roving eyes upon me, I knew that I had to decide whether I would tame that creature and make it obedient to my will or refuse the contest I had precipitated. It was firmly entrenched amidst the habits of a life-time. If I gave battle there could be no limit to the price I was prepared to pay for success. Was it worth the price? What would victory assure me?

For one thing, it would mean that I should gain the power to put the whole of myself into whatever I chose to do. It it were the reading of a book, or listening to an address—I could bring to bear every faculty and power I had, with some chance, consequently, of really understanding the message. How much of my thought-time was now wasted in dealing with misconceptions and half-grasped ideas? Memory reproduced for me many conversations I had heard or participated in, that had revolved for hours around some surface misunderstandings,—first, perhaps, of what was said in a paragraph cited; second, of the point at which one or the other person took issue with the author; third, of the point at which others took issue with the objector:—until finally it was discovered that when we were all looking at the same point we had no differences of view that were worth discussion. So also when we undertook to recommend the action to be taken in some practical affair—we were tenacious enough in our opinions, but which one of us ever had the facts right, and the personal relations clear, and the bearing of all on the work itself? One might plead lack of capacity, of wisdom, of experience—but, facing facts, it was clear that what might be called confusion-time (hours that would have been saved if all one's attention had been brought to bear) would amount to many hours at the end of the week. Six books a year might really be mastered if such confusion-time were redeemed and put into reading.

That, however, did not move me to come to grips with my struggling captive, Inattention; the contest was one that did not appeal to me—and I knew of no tactics in which it had not already proved to be the better strategist of the two. There was just one spot at which, had I any least hope of victory, I was prepared to engage without regard to cost. To rid my prayer-time of this intruder would indeed be worth the struggle. Then I could enter into the quiet of my heart and speak to the Master from there, intent only upon him. Greatly desiring this escape from an inattentive mind, I saw in a flash my resemblance to the young mother from whose nursery I had just escaped. We had both desired to talk over plans for the family's future, but our talk had been little more than a friendly wig-wagging across the unbridged torrent of

interruptions that came from her unruly children. Uncontrolled at best, they were galvanized into increased activity by their mother's desire for quiet; instinctively they felt that she might be willing to pay a good price for it, in the form of unusual permissions and gifts if they were sufficiently persistent in their demands. In the same manner, my Kama-children clamoured for notice when I had turned to conversation with the Master. In would swirl thoughts of the duties of the past hour, turning swiftly from regret that I had so little fruit to offer, to insistent comments upon how they ought to have been done. Worse still are those voices of duties just ahead, claiming that they need to be outlined, to a nicety, before the time to perform them comes:—if put aside now, if deprived of attention, merely because it is my wish to say my prayers, how shall I ever act rightly, they demand; refusing, meanwhile, to budge from the place they have gained in the centre of my consciousness.

Real prayer was impossible under such conditions—so the issue was clear enough; I knew that I had to control Kama-manas if I did not wish it to overwhelm me, at this spot. But how? I had lost confidence in all the methods I had tried. There was one, the favourite method of a teacher whom I greatly admire, that I had never ventured upon. It called for hardihood, for valour, for grown-up qualities. It was the simple method of facing what had to be done, determined to put it through. Precipitately, lest the flame of recklessness should burn out,—I threw myself forward into the contest. Childishly, and yet with calculation that no way of retreat must be left open, I called upon the high gods to witness my resolve; and I burned another line of bridges when I told my friends. There are still countless questions in my pilgrim's pack, but for the twelvemonth I have one all-engrossing problem—How to put all of myself into everything that I do. E.

Among a man's equals a man is sure of familiarity; and, therefore, it is good a little to keep state, in order to retain respect.—BACON.

MEN IN THE MAKING

"According to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel."

I

Shelley and Gray

SHAKESPEARE says of his Brutus, in the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, the "elements" were

> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world—"This was a man."

Poets and men of letters in general, are sly wights; when the aspect of their countenance appears to be most grave, in their sleeves they are often laughing uproariously. In the case of Brutus, who would not wish to ponder and assay Shakespeare's words before accepting them? The more philosophical Dante made an altogether different interpretation of the character of Brutus, and placed him in the deepest pit of Hell in the devil's very mouth. Certain noble traits that shot across the background of treachery would seem scant foundation for the generous estimate of Brutus ascribed to "Nature." To be "a man" ought surely to mean more than to be streaked with manhood.

In other persons of history, as well as in Brutus, ingredients seem brought together to begin the making of men—"elements" vile and noble, tossed in one heap. Experience suggests that "Nature's" method, with men, as elsewhere, would be slow, seeing that an end is envisaged finer than a hasty-pudding or a half-baked loaf. What sifting would precede the mixing—to bolt out chaff and other dirt! Then what weighing and measuring to secure proper proportions—what beating and stirring to blend all those elements into a new and larger unity, an individuality! Not until the mixture comes from the oven, "tried in the furnace," can judgment be given. Human prejudices and partialities might indeed judge hastily, but one would hardly expect "Nature" to declare "This is a man," until potential manhood had unfolded toward the measure "of the angel."

In comparison with "Nature's" slow methods and mature judgments, the pronouncements of the world are incomplete. A quality like generosity may be recognized in some poet, but it may exist side by side with meanness, vanity, and other ignoble traits. The mere critic of the world, seeing no vista of reincarnation open for the purifying of the poet, and feeling that unity exists somewhere among the contradictory traits, if only he could find it, may endeavour to reconcile antagonistic elements. Often this so-called reconcilia-

tion merely blurs and smooths away the facts. Or the critic may do as Professor Saintsbury does in speaking of Shelley; that ripe and conservative judge frankly exhorts people to "forget all about Harriet when you are reading *Hellas*." "Do not," he continues, "when you are assessing the merit of anything, from *Hours of Idleness* to *Don Juan*, trouble yourself with the fact that Byron certainly had one of the worst fathers, one of the worst mothers, and one of almost the worst wives possible." All cannot follow that advice. There may be readers who experience no qualm whatever over the dastardly behaviour of some artist toward his family, and who, in defence of the artist, can repeat "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart." To others, that quotation gives no explanation at all; they would feel that the alleged soul in dwelling apart must long to quit the artist for ever, or else ought to undertake police work, and bring him to a sense of ordinary decency.

The old Chinese philosopher, Mencius, a Confucian sage of the fourth century B. C., viewed the successes and failures of human life with more wisdom than is shown by the world. To him, people were not finished products; they were only "in the making." They were learning lessons, receiving discipline, in the school of life. He saw the great and minor catastrophes of individual lives, as the result of excesses and deficiencies which are brought to men's attention by a fostering Teacher (the Divine Compassion), to the end that, by removing those faults, men may approach nearer to Heaven's ideal for them. Mencius thus expresses his observation and experience: "When Heaven is about to confer a great mission on any man, it first disciplines his mind with suffering, and his bones and sinews with toil. It exposes him to want and subjects him to extreme poverty. It confounds his undertakings. By all these methods it stimulates his mind, strengthens him, and supplies his incompetencies."

Let us test that principle and see whether it throw any light upon some of the "mixed" characters of history—men whose lives show more or less unworthy sides, but whose souls, it is argued, were like stars and dwelt apart. Shelley is a good case for a test. As a contrast is often helpful, making black stand out more sharply against white, Thomas Gray might be studied with Shelley. The juxtaposition of those two men is natural, since Shelley's most admired work is the elegy on Keats (the *Adonais*), and Gray is known only by his famous *Elegy*.

Those who are well-informed declare of the *Elegy*, that no other piece of our literature has so passed into current phrases,—the wholesale adoption of its lines for every day use is evidence of the need supplied by Gray's words, and of their "inevitability." It is difficult, by reason of their constant repetition, to gain a fresh impression of lines that so long ago left the field of poetry to become household utilities of speech. As one comes again to the verses, they seem commonplace.

> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.

We do not warm to them. One reason may be that Gray was born on the other side of Turner, and, after much high colour, as well as false colour, his unrouged verse seems pale.

> The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
> The swallow twittering from the straw built shed,
> The cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn.

Commonplace as the lines may appear, however, they have at least this merit —they say one thing, and say it plainly.

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.

Would not many people covet the ability to express one thing plainly, instead of giving an impression to six different listeners of as many meanings, all alien to each other, as well as to the original thought?

Gray's reputation for one hundred and seventy-five years makes untenable an opinion that would rate him as commonplace. Conservative critics esteem him for the fineness of his art. Sir Edmund Gosse declares the *Elegy* to be marked as is nothing else in our language, by the quality of "balanced perfection." Matthew Arnold quotes with approval Sir James Mackintosh who thought Gray "of all English poets the most finished artist." Swinburne, whose judgment would be most likely to be whimsical, censures much of the *Elegy*, but declares that Gray, nevertheless, maintains his "sovereign station unassailable." Gray's art is indeed of a kind to fill Swinburne with envy and despair. Consider such words as, "drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold." What easy and fine mastery of unapparent alliteration! In contrast with that easy mastery, which disarms expectation before satisfying it, Swinburne was often a panting victim of the alliterative device, chasing, or chased by, any letter of the alphabet that thrust its head from cover. Gray's art is all of a piece with this fine mastery. It was finished, not half-done; he put away all his tools, and brushed up his sawdust and shavings. He spent eight years upon the hundred and twenty-eight lines of the *Elegy*, because, in Red Indian fashion, he drew together all the leaves behind him, in order that his foot-prints might not appear.

Praise as we may the refinement and finish of Gray's art, at the end, we have to admit that the poem moves us little. It seems incredible that the *Elegy* represents a young man's reaction to death,—death in his own family and among his friends. We think of the poem as a description of "glimmering twilights," of quiet years in "the cool sequestered vale of life," "far from the madding crowd." Of grief, of the struggle between doubt and faith, of hope and fear, there is nothing. As a whole, the famous *Elegy* with all its "balanced perfection," touches a very small part of our nature.

Now turn to the *Adonais*, that poem written hurriedly, in a few months of 1821. It likewise contains verbal and rhythmical felicities, but its greatness

lies not there. It stirs us. We feel ourselves, as John Addington Symonds wrote, in the grip of an irresistible "inner force, victorious over every outer condition and circumstance." What is that mighty inner force which Symonds felt but did not name? We can, with all confidence, declare it was no personal quality of Shelley's, since Shelley was a failure in every condition and circumstance, and was victorious over nothing. The shipwreck of his own life and the misery he spread to others, though obvious, has not been so clearly recognized as to make impossible a hero-worship that blurs every distinction between right and wrong. Robert Browning sets an example of that worship in his familiar lines,

> And did you once see Shelley plain
> And did he stop and speak to you?

Francis Thompson, a Catholic poet, speaks of Shelley dancing in and out of Heaven's gate. Such extravagant disregard of fact for sentimental fancy has proved too much for French sanity to bear without protest, and one can think of the recent life of Shelley by Maurois, the *Ariel*, as written to correct undiscriminating worship. Heaven is not a place for Shelley to enter, littering its floor with his discarded wives and children! Notwithstanding the mistakes of his life, an "irresistible inner force" is felt in his poems. What may that force be? We shall have to guess, since Symonds gives no further hint. The dates of the two contrasted poems may aid in the guessing. Gray finished the *Elegy*, and sent it to his friend, Horace Walpole, in 1750; the *Adonais* was written in 1821. That is, each poem is twenty-five years removed (approximately) from the all-important cycle, the last quarter of the century; Gray antedates that cycle by twenty-five years, and the *Adonais* follows it at equidistance. Further, in the *Ode to the West Wind*, Shelley speaks of that inner force, under the symbol of the wind, and he calls it "destroyer and preserver." Shelley was born in 1792. Is the inner force of his poetry that of the Lodge, which, in the final quarter of the century, again sent witness of itself into the world? Is there a gulf between the world of Gray and the world of Shelley that is caused by the periodic re-emergence of the Lodge upon the material plane?

Gray's period is usually called the "classical" period of our literature. That name supplies the final clue. We shall be so bold as to guess that the power felt in the *Adonais* is nothing less than the power of the Lodge,—and that there is a difference (though in minor degree) between Gray's period and Shelley's, like that which separates the old classical world of Greece and Rome from the newer civilization, beginning with the fall of Rome in 525 A.D., and including our contemporary epoch.

The radical difference between those two cycles of civilization may be apprehended in brief, by considering a short poem that is characteristic of each. For the Roman period, take the lines of Catullus to his mistress's sparrow, as translated by Byron.

Ye Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
  Whom dearer than her eyes she loved:
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
  But lightly o'er her bosom moved.

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,
  Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
  Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

With those lines of Catullus which are the most celebrated poem the ancient world addressed to a creature, contrast Wordsworth's well-known verse:

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice.
Oh cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

To Catullus, the sparrow was a toy for his mistress; it gave her some charming poses, and added to her prettiness. To Wordsworth, the cuckoo was a voice sounding in the wilderness of the material world ("the world" that "is too much with us"), a voice sounding to call men's attention to the world of the Spirit. The difference between the two poems is radical. What is the cause of that difference? The Incarnation of the Avatar. In passing from His inner plane of life to take upon Him our flesh, He placed a Heart within all life, within the flesh of beasts, within the flesh of trees, within the flesh of minerals, within the flesh of atoms. It is His Divine Heart that sounds mysteriously within the voice of the cuckoo, calling men to the invisible world.

Gray's verse is marked by the new quality of "Heart" which characterizes the civilization that arose in the train of the Incarnation. A very striking example of it is found in the stanza of the *Elegy* that is most profaned in flippant quotation,—the one beginning,

Full many a gem of purest ray serene.

What is it in the third line of that stanza that brings a quiver to the lip? What is there hid at the heart of those unseen flowers which so deeply touches? Is their wasted sweetness a symbol of the compassion poured out lavishly by the Lodge,—compassion that is wasted upon the arid hearts of men? Did Gray, who hated every kind of display, conceal at the heart of his nameless flowers, Christ's lament over Jerusalem—the wasted efforts of the messengers who are stoned by humanity? It would seem as if Wordsworth had hidden tears beneath the petals of his "meanest flower," but that Gray, who tried to conceal all his art, hid within the flowers that blush unseen, even the thoughts that lie below the depth of tears.

If we think of the coming of the Avatar as a major activity of the Lodge, we might call the periodic activity at the end of the century a minor movement. Such a minor movement took place in the epoch between Gray and Shelley, bringing a new infiltration of the quality that has been called the "Heart." What is felt in Shelley's verse is nothing less than the mighty power of the Lodge. That power, brought down to the world from its true plane, tried to form a current and travel back to its home, but found itself against a solid wall of materialism. Shelley, Byron, Keats, were porous stones in that wall, and some of the Lodge force leaked through them.

The effect of the Lodge force seems clearly apparent in Shelley's verse, giving it depth and height and a moving power that are not found in Gray's. A new question follows naturally. Did the Lodge force have a similar influence upon Shelley's life, heightening and deepening his human qualities? In his inner unfoldment is there a marked advance beyond that of Gray? The answer to this new question is "yes," though in interpreting that affirmative reply, the words of Mencius must be held in mind. The evidence of Shelley's inner advance is found in his failures, because Heaven's success often begins with the wrecks of earth. The words of Mencius suggest that miscarriage of purpose, disappointment, and misery may be signs of Heaven's favour, intervening to direct a man's attention to faults that must be amended.

Judged from the viewpoint of the world, the odds for happiness and success in life would be overwhelmingly in Shelley's favour. Look at the chances of the two boys as they entered Eton. Shelley had almost everything that gives success; Gray, nothing, neither family, nor wealth, nor position. Gray was the son of a capable London milliner whose husband was not altogether worthless, though nearly so; by sacrifice and thrift, she was able to educate the only one of her twelve children who survived infancy. Gray was studious by nature, and at Eton his refined tastes attracted the friendship of Horace Walpole (son of the Premier) and of other boys of like station. Those friendships saved Gray from schoolboy bullying, to which poverty and studious habits would have exposed him, and brought him respect and recognition; and the intimacies begun in school-days continued during his whole life. He travelled with Walpole for two years on the Continent, and, back in England, met the people of distinction who formed Walpole's circle. Though he chose the life of a scholar, and settled at Cambridge, Gray maintained his concen-

tions with the world also, not cloistering himself at Cambridge, but leaving it, as inclination moved him, for London and Walpole's companionship. The course of his life is symbolized in the finish and balanced perfection of his verse; it was not a Bohemian or Dryasdust existence, but a life of polished and urbane refinement. He was the most learned man of his age, and, what is more rare, a man of true culture, interested not only in literature, but in music, painting, and landscape. It is natural to expect that with so many gifts, Gray would make much of his rich opportunities—but he did not so; he reaped nothing from those years except boredom and low spirits, to which he refers constantly in his letters. To a friend he writes: "Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits and will even affect to be jocose and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world." Later, writing from Cambridge, he says: "The spirit of laziness begins to possess even me. Yet has it not so prevailed, but that I feel that discontent with myself, the *ennui*, that ever accompanies it in its beginnings. Time will settle my conscience, time will reconcile my languid companion to me; we shall smoke, we shall tipple, we shall doze together, we shall have our little jokes, like other people, and our long stories. Brandy will finish what port began." Again he writes: "To be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone, and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing." Given a varying and diversified environment that commonly would be judged as insuring against boredom, Gray sought relief from tedium, first, in travel, and, finally, in small details of ill-health,—that last infirmity of nervous minds.

Shelley's outlook at Eton, while not free from hazard, seemed hopeful. His family, though new-rich, enjoyed the friendship of the Duke of Norfolk, through whose influence his grandfather was to acquire the title, Baronet. Shelley was not an athlete, and he was a student. Wealth may outweigh those two disadvantages, but the boy made no effort to conceal his preferences for Plato and for chemistry,—and such mature taste invited persecution and bullying, which fired his hatred of intolerance and injustice. There followed lawless and sordid years of misery for which "tragic" would be too dignified an epithet. At every decision he had to make, there were, perhaps, among the leeches who called themselves friends, those whose judgment was clearer than his own,—those who, when some course of action was proposed, could see another course that involved less evil. Shelley refused any counsel but his own. The final result of his sincere effort to spread justice, truth, and righteousness on earth, was recognition that he had only increased the sum of human misery. To see havoc as his life's planting and harvest, wrought the wholesome work of humiliation, and started his repentance.

The relative position of Gray and Shelley as men is indicated by a line of Stephen Phillips which makes mention of "souls not yet ascended into Hell." The line is undoubtedly inspired by Dante's conception of people who, think-

ing themselves "good enough," made no efforts at self-improvement and no choices between right and wrong. Such "good" people, when judged by a standard higher than the world's, find themselves vagabond,—Heaven refuses them because they are not good enough to enter its gate, and Hell rejects them because for its realm they are too good. Dante consigned them to *a* vestibule of the neutral, where they dwell, beneath contempt, too low in development even to enter Hell. Shelley was no neutral. However darkly he saw a truth, he gave himself completely to carrying into action his darkling glimmer—as when he went to Ireland, at personal risk and expense and discomfort, because it seemed his duty to enlighten and emancipate the Irish. Save for the influence of Heaven spoken of by Mencius, Shelley might have been a contented county squire. Touched by Heaven (as Gray was not), the evil as well as the good elements in him were stirred, and he ascended into the Hell of suffering which Gray never entered.

There were courageous elements in Shelley, and also the faculty of complete self-giving. Eternity offers ample opportunity for eliminating his evil and developing his good traits. How interesting to know him after his elements shall have been so mixed, that Mother Nature can truly and proudly call him a man, "according to the measure of the angel"!

C. C. CLARK.

A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere, when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—CARLYLE.

EVOLUTION AND HUMAN NATURE

These three unities abide in man by nature as one life and one kingdom. In the lowest we are sensible and animal: in the middle we are rational: in the highest we are kept according to our essence. And thus are all men by nature.

RUYSBROECK.

"IT becomes plain that there exists in Nature a triple evolutionary scheme for the formation of the three *periodical Upadhis:* or rather three separate schemes of evolution which in our system are interwoven and interblended at every point. These are the finite aspects on the field of Cosmic Illusion of ATMAN, the seventh, the ONE REALITY" (*Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I, 181).

Using the same figure of speech, one might describe a musical scale as an aggregate of separate tones "inextricably interblended at every point," so closely interblended, in fact, that one tone cannot be sounded without involving the others. Each tone is an undivided part of the whole scale, a nucleus of sound radiating outwards to contact other centres of vibration and surrounded by an atmosphere of overtones. The ancients recognized in the seven-stringed lyre a symbol of the Universe which is both manifold and one.

In music a concordance or a theme or a symphony is an integral whole embracing within its indivisible unity many lesser units. But is there not a universal significance within this experienced fact which makes possible the enjoyment of music? "As above, so below." In the beauty of a simple concordance may be found an image of that perfect interweaving of three schemes in cosmic evolution to which Madame Blavatsky refers.

Unfortunately the men whose genius re-discovered the idea of evolution in the last century, were almost exclusively concerned with the physical scheme. They found anatomical and paleontological evidence that all species are in a condition of more or less rapid change. At the same time they recognized that these variations of living forms are not haphazard and anarchic but reveal a direction, a continuous progress from the first semi-animate entities of the primeval ocean-beds through a series of other creatures, manifesting first life and then intelligence, and culminating in man. However, because their minds had been moulded by preoccupation with tangible and objective things, they interpreted these phenomena in terms of the accepted laws of physics. They explained life and intelligence and spirituality as functions or modes of matter. This would not have been necessarily erroneous, if they had given a philosophical definition of matter. But their "matter" was not the Mulaprakriti of the Wisdom Religion. It was the stuff of the objective world or rather it was that stuff as they imagined it to appear when it was split up into its "ultimate elements," the atoms of physical speculation. Many

evolutionists, like Huxley and Spencer, felt the insufficiency and one-sidedness of such a theory, but they were distracted by their personal controversies with the theologians and seem to have feared that any less materialistic bias might be construed as a surrender.

Madame Blavatsky was accepted as an ally neither by the scientists nor by the theologians. But, leaving aside the occult side of her teaching, one can see clearly that she did nothing but introduce into the subject the factors of common sense and of common experience.

She began by accepting unreservedly the testimony that all bodies, the human included, represent stages in the progressive differentiation of matter. But she set side by side with this tenet the proposition that the human self, as distinguished from the matter of the human body, is not a function of physical evolution, that it has its own line of descent which has, indeed, always been more or less interwoven with the physical but has only been *consciously* interblended with it in quite recent times.

It is, perhaps, most easy to approach her meaning, if we disregard for the moment the question of what man has been and simply consider him as he is. One may profitably begin with oneself. What do I mean when I say that I am a human being?

I mean that I tend to identify myself with my powers of will, desire and imagination, which I consequently regard as more really mine than any other part of my consciousness. The centre of self-hood thus formed may not be very high, it may be a mere knot of psychic elements and almost devoid of spirituality; but it is certainly above or at least outside the normal physical consciousness of the body. From this centre I use or abuse my body, its senses and faculties and automatisms. Out of the amorphous mass of my physical experience, I abstract elements which in the crucible of my *human* consciousness are transmuted into mind-images and preserved as memories. In short, there is a division between the bodily life and the mental life, and I feel myself to be more closely identified with the mind than with the body. The bodily life is the food of the mental, in the sense that it is the object of the mind's consciousness; but the mental is not the product of the physical any more than the *form* of the body itself is the product of the food that it eats.

In the cult of Osiris and in the Eleusinian Mysteries of Demeter and Persephone, the life of man seems to have been compared to the grain, which grows by virtue of the elements that it absorbs from the soil, but which derives its form and proper life from the seed that falls into the soil. The human soul, descending into the soil of physical life, converts its potentiality of Self-consciousness—consciousness of the Real Self—into an actual growing and living thing.

Let us assume that there is in every being a ray of the one Reality, the Monad which is traversing the kingdoms of Nature in quest of Self-consciousness. In the mineral, the plant, the animal, there is the monadic essence, a spiritual energy not yet conscious of itself but endowing each kingdom with the potentiality of serving as the vehicle or ground for the evolution of the

kingdom next above it. Imagine this "limitation" of the Monad through contact with matter, as being in fact an externalization of its own potentiality of Self-consciousness and as occurring *pari passu* with an "extension" of creative power in the Hierarchies of Beings whose Monads have already attained varying degrees of Self-consciousness. It seems that by virtue of their attainment they have the power to awaken Monadic Self-consciousness in other beings, and that it is this power which acts upon matter, as the potency, the life and form within the seed acts upon the elements of the soil and air with which it is brought into contact. Through this creative action of the Hierarchies, we may conceive, the Monad is enabled to pass continuously from lower to higher stages of relative Self-consciousness. When a given form is attained, it is incorrect to speak of this as only an evolution from the next lower stage; it is also an involution from above. To the extent that a being has identified itself with the nature of the Hierarchy which has provided the seed of a new state of consciousness, that being may be said to have changed its whole heredity, as according to the theory of the old Roman Law an adopted son assimilated all the rights and responsibilities, as well as the name of the family into which he was received as a member. So man, if he identify himself with his power of deliberate thought, may justly claim descent from the Divinity which endowed him with the power.

"1. The Monadic (evolution) is, as the name implies, concerned with the growth and development into still higher phases of activity of the Monad, in conjunction with:—

"2. The Intellectual, represented by the Mânasa-Dhyânis . . . the 'givers of intelligence and consciousness' to man and:—

"3. The Physical, represented by the Chhâyâs of the lunar Pitris round which Nature has concreted the present physical body. This body serves as the vehicle for the 'growth' (to use a misleading word) and the transformations through Manas and—owing to the accumulation of experiences—of the finite into the INFINITE, of the transient into the Eternal and Absolute.

"Each of these three systems has its own laws, and is ruled and guided by different sets of the highest Dhyânis or 'Logoi.' Each is represented in the constitution of man, the Microcosm of the great Macrocosm; and it is the union of these three streams in him which makes him the complex being he now is.

"'Nature,' the physical evolutionary power could never evolve intelligence unaided—she can only create 'senseless forms.' The 'Lunar Monads' cannot progress, for they have not yet had sufficient touch with the forms created by 'Nature' to allow of their accumulating experiences through its means. It is the Mânasa-Dhyânis who fill up the gap, and they represent the evolutionary power of Intelligence and Mind, the link between 'Spirit' and 'Matter'—in this Round" (*Secret Doctrine, ibid.*).

The immediate, practical importance of these ideas is very great, if they be really descriptive of the laws of evolution. If man is not only an evolving

creature, like all the others, but actually possesses self-conscious free-will, he can accelerate or retard or even reverse the process of his growth.

Since he is to a certain degree the creator of himself, man stands on a higher plane than the animal. He contains within himself the potentiality of a more complete interblending of the three schemes of evolution. Because of this potentiality, it is said that he has a Soul. It is his destiny to compound with his physical nature a greater proportion of spiritual and mental elements than is present in animal life.

This is an ideal. How does man fulfil it?

It is certain that he has succeeded in doing "something different." To borrow the language of electrodynamics, many of the vibrations which he sends into space are not of the same wave-length as the vibrations emitted by the lower kingdoms. There is as much difference between man and the animal, as there is in music between an elementary concordance of two or three tones within a single octave and a long composition utilizing all the tones of six or seven octaves.

The most elementary of human beings seems indescribably complex, when compared to the most developed of animals, although an animal may be an excellent animal and a human being may be a failure as a man. An ultra-modern tone-poem contains innumerable suggestions of meanings not found in a folk-song, but the folk-song is quite likely to be the more beautiful of the two.

In the lower kingdoms of Nature, where free-will as we know it does not exist, the interblending of the three schemes of evolution proceeds as if according to a law of harmonic progression,—form, function and instinct corresponding to one another during all their cyclic changes. Following a suggestion of Bergson, one might say that the centre of animal consciousness is in its living form or physical structure, which can scarcely be separated, however, even in theory, from its functions and instincts; for a normal animal seems to feel and to think only while it is acting and in response to a physical stimulus demanding a definite series of reactions. In the average man—to continue the same line of thought—the centre of consciousness is on the mental plane. He can feel and think without moving his body; that is, he can act imaginatively without acting physically. It is, perhaps, the most characteristic mark of human beings that they live in memories and expectations, in a psychic world which reflects the physical rather than in the physical world itself.

There can be nothing evil *per se* about memory and expectation, for these signify that a certain stage of evolution has been reached, just as the animal's correlation of instinct and physical action signifies a lower stage. Yet it is a fact of experience that an increase of mental consciousness does not necessarily imply a more perfect harmony, a greater wisdom in the conduct of physical life. Consider such a simple thing as appetite. In the animal, hunger is the response of instinct to the body's need of food. In man it is partly instinctive, of course, but dominated by a psychic anticipation of pleas-

ure. This psychic side of appetite can even assume a semi-independent character, so that—as many know to their cost—we can engender or keep alive a desire for food when the body does not need it at all.

One might multiply instances of the failure of our minds and bodies to interblend harmoniously and to coöperate. As a result, human history, though containing moments and suggestions of divine beauty, is largely a succession of discords, an anomaly in evolution.

It has been suggested that this discord is the consequence of the human Soul's failure to make right use of free-will and intelligence, the gifts of the Mânasa-Dhyânis. With them the Soul has received the privilege and duty of sharing self-consciously in the formative work of Nature—and it has "refused to create." Since the creative power is irresistible, it must act at one point if not at another. So it seems to have passed on to energize certain centres of consciousness on the animal plane, and the Soul is impelled by its "original sin" of disobedience to identify itself with the aggregate of these lower "lives."

The "personality" thus formed may be compared to the monsters which "Nature" unaided "created from her own bosom, . . . the water-men terrible and bad" (*Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, II, p. 52 seq.). It is a product and consolidation of creative force run riot, devoid of spiritual meaning, severed from the Logos. When man identifies himself with it, he lays aside his own life, for its motives are not his motives. Neither animal nor in any deep sense human, it is an accident of Nature which is in discordant relation both with the spiritual world above and with the physical world below.

The Neoplatonists, describing the personality, called it the *suntheton*, the composite nature which results from the descent of spirit into matter, from the assimilation of the Soul's powers by that which is not Soul.

The mysterious wisdom of the animal, its instinct, seems destined in man to develop into the spiritual faculties of self-conscious judgment, aspiration and intuition. Instinct is a bond linking the individualized animal entity to the collective consciousness of its species; it aligns the motives of the animal with the purpose of the Universe. But the lower nature of man has no motives for its actions apart from its personal expectation of pleasure and its personal dread of pain. It is aware of the Universe as a vague and hostile influence, to be placated by ritual or outwitted by cunning; though it would infinitely prefer, if it had its way, never to think about the Universe at all.

Yet, wherever one finds traces of Theosophical teaching, there is an insistence upon the supreme reality of the Soul in itself. It may deceive itself into imagining that it is only a bundle of psychic impressions, but while it is present—though only as a spark—in the self-consciousness of man, it retains the potency of bringing into manifestation the potentialities of its true nature. Like a seed, though remaining dormant in the soil for years, it does not lose its inherent vital power of creation. Much of its power is, indeed, not immediately available, being imprisoned in the lower nature, and this must be reclaimed by long effort, but there is surely a fund of unexpended energy in

every individual soul, an energy which the Divine Power of the Universe is ready at every instant to reinforce.

It seems that this proper life of the Soul is more manifest now than is sometimes realized. Whenever we are moved, even in the slightest degree, by genuine admiration or respect or even recognition of anything beyond the narrow circle of ordinary personal life, is not this outflowing movement of consciousness an act of the Soul? Or to phrase it otherwise, could such a movement be possible, if there were no Soul? For what else is the Soul but the "longing to go out towards the Infinite"? When that spiritual aspiration is perfectly blended with the mental and physical elements of a purified personality, human nature will become a concordant part of the Song of Life.

Doubtless there are few lives so utterly self-centred, that no awareness of the grandeur and beauty of the Universe, no flash of disinterested compassion—as in the presence of death—can ever illumine their darkness. But how few are those who have made even a semi-conscious effort deliberately and intelligently to subject their lower personal life to this higher life of the Soul! To act thus is to act with and as the Soul; it is to resume the duty of creation which was abandoned as a conscious process so long ago.

In this connection it is interesting to recall a sentence in the first Note of *Light on the Path*. "The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the occultist, who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life."

One may profitably consider the actual process whereby the artist creates, for in so far as his aim is creative, he must obey a universal law. Imagine an artist in the presence of an object which he recognizes as beautiful. His consciousness is first stirred by and then goes out towards the beauty of that which he contemplates. He forgets personal plans and cares; if his aspiration be strong enough, he forgets for the time being that his "personality" exists. A greater or lesser proportion of creative force, which is ordinarily expended for personal motives, is turned to the service of the Soul. As a result—in the words of Plotinus—his contemplation of the beautiful emanates or overflows into action. The type or mode of his action is determined by his aptitudes, by moulds ready-made in body and mind, as the form which beauty assumes in his perception is determined by the natural bias of his intellect and emotions and by the training of his senses. For example, a painter's sense of sight is more subtle than his sense of hearing; it penetrates more deeply into Nature and is more obedient to his will and imagination; colour means more to him than sound. Therefore, the action which accompanies his meditation on beauty takes shape as a painting, not as a symphony or a poem.

What is the explanation of this faculty of the artist, first to see in Nature what others do not see, and then to translate his vision into terms which

others can understand? We speak of his work as creative because it actually enriches the experience of all who view it with any sympathy and understanding. It provides a medium whereby they can share a real part of his consciousness. But from what source does he derive this gift?

Some will say that he was born with it, but unless he has added to his inheritance, he is not a creator in this life, though he may repeat what he achieved in another incarnation. There is another view—a Neoplatonic fancy, possibly—that as we share the artist's spirit through his work, so the artist himself comes in contact with a higher spirit through the object which he contemplates and finds beautiful; that a spiritual being has meditated with love upon the divine essence of this object and has left within it as the cause of its visible beauty a fragment of His consciousness, to be found there and assimilated by the human creature whose devotion *imitates* the act of his sublime predecessor. The artist cannot see all the beauty deposited in the object by some messenger of the Logos, nor can he give expression to all that he sees, but he testifies that there is a source of his inspiration greater than himself. After all, his perception of spiritual values within the physical is a mode of the same faculty which enables others to appreciate his own work. One difference between genius and non-genius, as it seems, is that the vision of genius penetrates more deeply into reality and its action is more powerful, more sure.

The artist sets himself apart from the average man whose view of the clearest truth is refracted by a screen of habitual illusions about himself and about the world. In so far as the artist attains in his creative moments to a certain union with universal consciousness, he moves towards the true path of evolution. His self tends to become a concordant blending, an "harmonic progression" of spirit, mind and body. Like the animal in a state of Nature, he cannot act imaginatively without acting physically and he has gained on a higher plane that direct perception of things which is manifested in the animal as instinct.

Unfortunately the artist is seldom able to hold his sense of identity with the Soul, save during brief moments of creative ecstasy, nor can he produce those moments at will. More than most people, he is apt to be subject to "reactions," to fatigue and negativeness.

Modern psychologists have commented on the fact that intense feeling of any kind acts as a stimulus to the subconscious nature. Under the stress of love or anger or any strong emotion, all sorts of memories and submerged fears and desires mount to the surface. One cannot experience a pure desire without arousing other desires less pure and more mediocre. It may happen that an artist of strong purpose can draw from these lower desires their content of force and add it to the force already present in his aspiration. More often it is the aspiration that is vampirized by the unredeemed elements of the personality. The artist is more creative than most men, but how limited is the field of his creation! All those tracts of his nature which have no direct relation to his art are left uncultivated, strewn with weeds. In his attitude

towards this lower nature he, too, "refuses to create"; and the consequence of his denial is more severe for him than for others because his powers are greater and their loss reacts more keenly on the Soul.

What is true of the artist is true of all great individuals who are yet not great enough to unify their natures in a single movement of aspiration towards the Eternal. Saints, priests, philosophers, savants, warriors, statesmen, men of thought and men of action, have given of their genius to humanity, but so few of them have offered all that they could have offered, had they really devoted themselves completely and to the utmost to that which in part of their natures they ardently loved. A scientist whose studies open new portals for the human mind, is so absent-minded that he forgets to comb his hair in the morning; a saint whose life is a pattern of heroic suffering, finds virtue in the belief that all who do not share his intellectual dogmas must be damned for ever and ever. If the scientist and the saint had made their self-sacrifice even a little more complete, what a difference it might have made to the world!

This sounds fantastic, perhaps, and yet such seems to be the only logical deduction from the data of consciousness. Therefore, unless we decide to do nothing at all, there is but one choice,—Chêlaship, the ideal offered to, though not obligatory upon, every student of Theosophy.

In one aspect, Chêlaship may be defined as the act of complete self-giving. Thus the Chêla differs from those who are *only* saints or scientists or artists, in the degree that he makes a self-conscious and continuous effort to turn the whole of his powers into one ascending current of aspiration. This purpose held constantly before his heart and intelligence, is not only opposed to the world's spirit of compromise; it is markedly different from the spirit of many who have been regarded as unworldly. A fanatic sitting on a pillar in the wilderness does not compromise with his fanaticism, but he is not a Chêla, for the reason that he is seeking something for himself, even though it be sanctity and purity and wisdom. The Chêla, whose nature is undividedly bent towards self-submission to the All-Soul, accepts the fact that he can hold nothing back, that nothing is acceptable to the All unless everything is given. He does not try to keep his lower nature as a place where he can take a vacation when the duties of the higher become very arduous,—which is the fault of the greatest men of the world. Nor does he seek holiness because of the subtle pleasures and the heightened sense of superiority that accompany it—which seems to be the purpose, though unavowed, of too many righteous persons.

After all, the Chêla is only a thoroughly normal human being who is bringing to fruition that promise of Self-creation, to which *Light on the Path* refers, when speaking of the "pure artist." The three streams of evolution tend to constitute a harmony in his nature. That which the artist achieves during rare intervals of creation, the Chêla seeks to maintain as a permanent condition. Therefore, he can allow no sterile fancy to dominate his thought and will; his thought must become a reflection of Truth only, and the test of its

validity will be its power to command and control the actions and reactions of the physical man. As Guyau has said: "*Celui qui n'agit pas comme il pense, pense imparfaitement.*"

Whereas the animal's life is concentrated in the body and the average human creature dwells only in the tiny sphere of the personal mind, the Chêla lifts the centre of the self nearer to that point where the individual and the Universal, the microcosm and the Macrocosm, become one. If one may dare to speak so boldly of what is beyond one's present comprehension,—the Chêla stands not far from the completion of a great cycle of growth and at the beginning of a Real Existence; the seed of Self-consciousness in the Monad has felt the breath of life. In accordance with the Buddhist expression, at the end of the Path which he treads he will "see and know the Universe face to face."

S. L.

Not him who possesses much, would one rightly call the happy man; he more fitly gains that name who knows how to use with wisdom the blessings of the gods, to endure hard poverty, and who fears dishonour worse than death.—HORACE.

"VOLUNTEER" OR "PRESSED MAN"?

"THE day of optimism" is a description recently given to this cycle by one of the modern enthusiasts of the School of "Say it often enough and it becomes true." But—is this true? Take the question of obedience: The World War called over 4,500,000 men to the colours in this country. More millions were bribed into civilian war work by needlessly high pay. What was the general experience—a hopeless lack of discipline: an utter unwillingness to subordinate self-will to the general will for the general good; pessimism among the individuals in service regarding obedience as necessary and even as a possibility, and a greater pessimism among leaders of all grades as to the possibility of exacting obedience from Americans. Moreover, the records since the War show that this is an inherent state; not an ephemeral one called into being by war.

"The day of optimism" finds unanimity of pessimism regarding anything and everything that has survived from the past. Let any one suggest, in the light of biological research, and by the analogy of the dogma of evolution, that that which has survived may have survived because of its worth-whileness—what happens? The self-styled "optimists"—who believe fancies are more potent than facts, and that printed statutes do overcome the laws of nature—cry aloud: "Away with you, you pessimist."

A man in a fever often has increased strength. It may be an artificial strength. Use of it may be debilitating, even fatal. The doctor who keeps the patient quiet, and who seeks to restore him to a normal state, is not called a pessimist. Yet let a corresponding situation arise with a group or in a nation, and the friend or advisor who urges caution and endeavours to restore normal health, is labelled "pessimist," or told: "Don't run down your country."

Does it not all trace back to a simple question of obedience—obedience to fact; to law; to the highest in one's self? Is not the optimism of disobedience a form of pessimism of the worst and most dangerous type? Is not one of the greatest problems of the day how to make ourselves and our nation optimists regarding the possibilities of and from obedience, and pessimists regarding the use and value of disobedience?

Nowadays people are encouraging young children to seek "experience" in order to "develop temperament." Disobedience is not only condoned but even encouraged in children as an admirable exhibition of temperament. Lavishly endowed, private, "progressive" schools, based openly upon developing self-will in children and non-use of rule and regulation, are dotting our

land. Would it possibly overcome the prevalent psychism in parents, if they took the trouble to dig down in their recollections and to bring to the surface that much of the doings and sayings recorded in their childhood days on their childish minds that have been potent influences—both for evil and good—in their own lives? One of the really startling experiences in the case of this particular student, in the quiet, yet poignant, drama of entrance upon and membership in the T. S., has come from such digging down, and such bringing out, of childhood contacts. To say nothing of whatever power of obedience he possesses, which is traceable to a disciplined (hence, a happy) childhood, there is, for instance, the somewhat surprising fact that, whatever reality he finds in the functioning of the Fourth Dimension, he has been enabled to trace back to the residuum of impressions, absorbed in utter unconsciousness, made upon him as a child of seven and eight. Seated on the knee of one or the other participants, he used to listen to discussions between his father, and General Ludlow and other scientific men, about Madame Blavatsky's writings. Especially did the conversations focus on Zoellner's *Transcendental Physics*—a fat little tome in foreign print, which the child viewed with a reverence which a savage pays to a fetish.

En passant it may be said that a great personal debt is felt to be due by the writer to the martyred Zoellner. This is because, more than once, as a child, he heard (and has never forgotten) his scholarly and scientific father defend attendance upon and activity in the Episcopal Church, including acceptance of the "miracles," by saying he believed that Christ understood and functioned in the Fourth Dimension, as had come to be realized through Zoellner.

It was all words to the child ("Oh! never mind George," he used to hear at a scandalmongering neighbour's house, "He's only a child; he won't understand." He did not "understand"—but he was "impressed." Often—too often—years later he did understand—to his own harm and to the injury of others). The "Fourth Dimension" was merely words in those long ago days—but contact with the T. S. leads us to believe that words are indeed, "things."

This is put forth against the tendency of parents to expose little children to anything and everything, either because "they will not understand," or else because "they will gain experience." What will Karma bring such parents? Perhaps a childhood in homes of greater fools than themselves (if that be possible), or the anguish, in this life, of seeing their children maimed beneath the millstones of reality, with realization that a wiser exercise of their parenthood could have saved that cruel necessity.

The Lords of Compassion must take an especial interest in children. This belief is not only based on the truly lovely attitude of the Masters Siddhartha and Jesus, but on current-day research. Hence it is, that all is not evil that remains in our minds from childhood exposures. Much, very much, good may remain—yet this is no warrant for reckless exposure. This student stops to wonder where his bones would be lying, or else in what jail or asylum he would be reposing, had he not been blessed with parents who unashamedly

adopted and closely followed a code of parenthood set up, at the very latest, by a great, great grandmother of the XVIIIth Century.

Among the "beneficent" peoplings of the student's mind in childhood, was something recently brought to light by a consideration of the cases of Bishop Brown, Colonel Mitchell of the Air Service, Senators Borah and Brookhart, and other types of the "fearless, independent thinkers"; the men "disobedient only for the public good" (as if that were possible), who are such heroes to the mob in these days of sensation sans sentiment, talking sans thinking and acting on impulse sans caution—especially sans caution in behalf of others. Again and again the child heard conversations that ran in about the same tenor—such as:

"Major ——, are you a Republican or a Democrat?"

"Neither."

"Not a Mugwump!" (often in tones of horror).

"I take no part in politics."

"Don't you vote?" (always in tones of horror).

"I never have."

"But don't you think it is the duty of every American citizen to vote?" (uniformly in tones of triumph).

"I accepted my commission in the Regular Army before I was of age. I consider it wrong for a soldier to vote on his Commander-in-Chief."

"But you have a right to vote?" (invariably in tones indicating complete puzzlement).

"Of course I have—but I am a volunteer and not a pressed man. At any time, if we are at peace and I am not in disgrace, I may resign my commission —to exercise all my 'rights' as a citizen. But so long as I volunteer to serve I must give up many of a citizen's 'rights.' I give them up gladly—yes, and proudly, for as I told you—every Regular Army Officer is a volunteer and not a pressed man."

Since those days, reading has brought out a corollary, not appreciated mentally in childhood, although adequately exemplified in the upbringing given. This is that every Regular Army that has "volunteers" in its Commissioned ranks, has prepared them for the "exercise of discretion" by one form or another of years of unthinking and mandatory obedience and of unremitting "repetitive routine." Marryat was credited with reforming the British Navy by "pounding home" the dictum: "To be able to command, one must first learn to obey"; but he only restated a truth as old as man. Some form of cadetship is a prerequisite to winning a Regular's Commission on any plane. Education is necessary to permit choice.

But, of course, to a child the distinction, the vital distinction, between the proud position of seeking service and the ignoble status of being compelled to serve, meant nothing. For many years what his father used to say was only verbal mnemonics—not the inspiring memory that it has come to be. All that was real at the time was a glow of pride in the father's rightness—why he was right was then immaterial—one just knew he was right. People did

not understand the point that was made then, as was evident from their reactions. People evidently do not understand that point to-day, judging by their actions. Yet it is a point made clear in all Scriptures and in all sorts of more material human teaching. It has even been adjudicated upon in America, in a case that has been "obscure" so far, yet, if only people thought straighter, would be ranked as one of the "leading cases."

This adjudication is to be found in the Massachusetts Reports: "John J. McAuliffe *vs.* Mayor and Board of Aldermen of New Bedford"; the full title is given because this commentator feels it carries a lesson in itself. New England in its best aspects—and really it has many—to this hour may trace them to a better day in England, modified by a little-appreciated Gallic influence (Bowdoin, Faneuil, Le Baron, Revere—for instance), reincarnating, on this side of the Atlantic, individualism, with respect for a common law and for the rights and privileges of others. Basically, America is still the older England—not the present travesty of a great and manly nation—but the older England, somewhat more civilized under French influences, and always under steady attack from non- and anti-British influences, which distinctly do not follow the old British standards. Hence, the interest in the full title of this case. On the one hand, an obviously Irish name; on the other side, the names and forms of English government surviving in an old American town, which proudly presents its heirship to an older British town. The Massachusetts Supreme Court, by the way, ranks high throughout the English-speaking world and its courts. Is it only a coincidence that it is still one of the very few American Courts the members of which are appointed for life, and not elected, in one way or another, for a term of years?

Not surprisingly, this Irishman was a policeman. New Bedford had forbidden its policemen to be active in politics. McAuliffe had been. So, in January, 1891, complaint was filed against him for political activities. On February 3, 1891, he was removed. At the moment he acquiesced in the ruling. Some influence, not discernible in the musty old records, yet hardly unimaginable, led him to change his mind. With that same superb reliance upon the very processes of the law that he had been flouting, which characterizes the pacifists and collectivists of the present day, McAuliffe ran, so-to-speak, hotfoot to "the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." He petitioned "for a writ of mandamus to restore the petitioner to the office of policeman in the city of New Bedford.[1]"

The full Bench gave the case consideration. The Judge—in Massachusetts a member of the Supreme Bench is still a "Judge" and not a "Justice"—who wrote the opinion was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., now the honoured and octogenarian Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court. He was of straight and proud Yankee lineage. He had graduated from Harvard. He had served with ability and courage as a Commissioned Officer in the

[1] The whole case and the full opinion are of immediate interest, but the pages of the QUARTERLY are to valuable to quote them in full. They will be found in 155 Massachusetts—McAuliffe *vs.* New Bedford—216 et seq.—G. W.

Army during the Civil War. He had been wounded. All this, by the way, has been chronicled by his father in *My Search for the Captain*. His associates on the Bench all bore old English names.

So, we find typical Nova Anglicans of the old school meeting the Hibernian challenge to dare to place any limit upon the "Constitutional right" of "freedom of speech"—outside Ireland! The opinion, moreover, was unanimous. The following excerpts may be read with interest by both sides in the current controversies over the distinguished "independents," whose names were given as types of what is popular to-day:

"It is argued by the petitioner . . . that the part of the rule violated was invalid as invading the petitioner's right to express his political opinions, and that a breach of it was not a cause sufficient under the statute.

"One answer . . . to this argument is that there is nothing in the Constitution or the statute to prevent the city from attaching obedience to this rule as a condition to the office of policeman, and making it part of the good conduct required. The petitioner may have a constitutional right to talk politics, but he has no constitutional right to be a policeman. There are few employments for hire in which the servant does not agree to suspend his constitutional right of free speech, as well as of idleness, by the implied terms of his contract. The servant cannot complain, as he takes the employment on the terms offered him. On the same principle, the city may impose any reasonable condition upon holding offices within its control. This condition seems to us reasonable, if that be a question open to revision here."

The distinction between "rights" and "obligations" has rarely been more concisely or more directly stated. This distinction may be found in all religious teaching. For instance, it is not stated, yet it is patently implicit, in the Office for "The Ministration of Baptism to Such as Are of Riper Years and Able to Answer for Themselves," in the *Book of Common Prayer;* a service which was added in England in 1662, and which has been selected as an illustration because of its combined notes of religion, warfare, and voluntarily assumed obligations.

It is hard nowadays to welcome any kind of limitations which may require any type of obedience. Blindness does not stop there: the popular acclaim of "freedom of speech" swamps even memory of "freedom of choice." We cast aside the crown for a bauble. The Regular Army officer, who feels pride in not being drafted but in having volunteered, recognizes himself as a freeman, when he exercises his power of choice and obeys to the letter of law and regulations. The raw militiaman feels himself enslaved whenever asked to obey. He cries aloud for "freedom of speech."

If only we would cling to the principle of "the Divine and only irrevocable gift of God—freedom of choice," we should always be volunteers and should never sink to the level of pressed men. Students of Theosophy who have come to a recognition and an acceptance of the "Twin Doctrines" of Karma

and Reincarnation, should have little difficulty in attaining a rejoicing obedience—in big things, in little things, in all things. We say we believe that we are incarnated volunteers—no longer embryo souls swept along *en masse*. We express a verbal faith that our allotments in our physical lifetimes have been chosen by us, under Guidance it is true, yet still by voluntary acts, as being exactly and immediately ideal for the real purposes of our Souls. Yet we may allege that there are circumstances and inhibitions in our lives which "prevent" the full and exact obedience we "should like" to observe. Where is our belief!

Even people who do not accept or do not understand Karma and Reincarnation, need not feel "pressed" if they too will hold fast to the doctrine of freedom of will to choose between good and evil; that basic doctrine of all Christian denominations and of all religions. No misfortune, no malchance, no handicap, ever kills the power to be a freeman and to choose aright.

Hence it is that, if any of us find restrictions and limitations which we have voluntarily assumed, appearing to be onerous and confining, perhaps the distinction between "volunteer" and "pressed man" may change our attitude. Instead of acting under the "rights of a citizen," and mutinying, we may come to recognize the "obligations" of the "volunteer," who has been accepted and trained as an "officer and gentleman." Then we shall "not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto our life's end."

And—placed in New England as I am these days—I do not forget the sound occultism that lies within the Pilgrim heroine's famous mandate—"Speak for thyself!"

GEORGE WOODBRIDGE.

I will govern my life, and my thoughts, as if the whole world were to see the one, and to read the other; for what does it signify, to make anything a secret to my neighbour, when to God (who is the searcher of our hearts), all our privacies are open.—SENECA.

THE DAWN OF INDIVIDUALITY IN THE MINERAL KINGDOM

I walked in a desert.
And I cried,
"Ah, God, take me from this place!"
A voice said, "It is no desert."
I cried, "Well, but—
"The sand, the heat, the vacant horizon."
A voice said, "It is no desert."

THE BLACK RIDERS.

ALL this happened many years ago.

At first I was very rebellious when I found that mineralogy was a compulsory subject in my course in ———y at the University of ———, and I tried hard to have it replaced by something more sympathetic. Science had never attracted me. "It is so exact," I protested.

"But," smiled a fellow student, wishing to be encouraging, "mineralogy as a whole, is not considered to be one of the 'exact sciences.'"

"Oh, isn't it!" I growled, irritably. "I don't know what you call 'exact.' Listen to this. I remember thinking myself awfully clever not long since, because, after having 'crammed' a bit on the subject, preparatory to the winter's work, I made a statement after class one day to the effect that the cleavage angle of calcite was 75°. Of course, I did not care a scrap what the cleavage angle really was, but I did want to impress my listener. 'You are quite wrong,' broke in a wiseacre, standing nearby (a very officious person,—I had not even looked his way), 'the cleavage angle of calcite is 74° 55′.' Frankly, now, I should hate to be as fussy as all that!"

Indeed, *why* be "exact,"—that had always been my plea in life. If you are exact, then what is there left as food for the imagination? You might as well fit yourself tidily into a straight jacket at once, and be done with it! "The Arts," music, pictures, literature, had always been my battlefields, if one can call them such. These appealed to me, they "spoke my language."

"There is plenty of room for helpful and amusing discussion if you live in that world," I argued. "For instance, it has long been a pet conviction of mine, a kind of inherited tradition, that the Beethoven Opus 111 is, in music, a perfect counterpart of what Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind' is in poetry. Many a happy night have I spent comparing the mighty invocation of that splendid sonata, phrase by phrase, with the majestic sweep of the Ode, line for line. In the course of time, I meet some kindred spirit, and I speak my thoughts. 'Oh,' replies the kindred spirit, 'do you think so? Shelley's "Ode

to the West Wind?" To me the Opus 111 is much more like Coleridge's "Kubla Khan."' There you are! A basis for amicable discussion at once, and for the simple reason that it is a matter of opinion. But an acute bisectrix! Whatever can you do with an uncompromising thing like that? There is no alluring uncertainty about an acute bisectrix. You know just what it is, and what it does and why it does it,—imagination quite left out. Long live the Arts!" I cried.

"The trouble with you," broke in another wiseacre (the place bristled with them!) "is that you think you have *too much* imagination for the study of science. Now I give you just one month to discover that you have not anything like enough."

"Thanks for the tip," I cried, cheerfully unconvinced, "we'll see."

And before the month was over, I *did* see. I saw all kinds of things, and I have gone on "seeing" ever since.

". . . for one star differeth from another star in glory."

1 Corinthians, chap. 15, verse 41.

". . . ultimately the Kosmos is *one*—one under infinite variations and manifestations."

"The Elixir of Life."

One of the first things to arrest my attention, as I laboured with my new subject (very cross and bewildered in the beginning with what seemed to me unnecessarily difficult names and terms and modes of thought) was the *individuality* of crystals. Even between members of the same family there was sure to be some subtile, and as it were some psychic difference, for I found that as individuals they had "habits" amounting to a rudimentary imagination; that there was a distinct display of memory, as manifested in the repetition of these habits, however elementary that memory might appear to be when compared with units of the higher kingdoms; there were of course, the clearly marked sympathies,—the "chemical affinities" recognized by science, —for crystals, being "homogeneous solids," or individuals in their own right, it follows that in the *haute société* of the mineral world these preferences are very much in evidence; and beyond a doubt (oh, refreshing discovery!) there was a marked sense of humour evident in the mimicry of one mineral by another,—the pseudomorphs. Further still, I learned that what appeared to my dull perception as the hard, inflexible substance of the mineral world, proved to be "elastic" and capable of "expansion"; that the "elastic contents" of a crystal differed in different directions, and in a very complicated manner, showing that an individual crystal was capable of individual adaptation along certain lines, and under certain special conditions but that it reacted along those lines and under those conditions only. (And how true a parallel may we find in ourselves,—obtuse to Life's stimuli from one quarter, quickly responsive from another.)

My "discoveries" accumulated rapidly, and I soon found myself in the

possession of a mass of unclassified facts, as well as notebooks full of those intriguing "possible facts" known to every student, together with countless "hints," "suggestions," etc., and this to such an extent that I realized, with a kind of intoxication, that I was on the very threshold of a (to me) wholly undreamed-of world, a kind of scientific fairy-land, entrancing in its beauty and promising almost anything in the way of surprise and romance, if I had but the eyes to see, and the perseverance to keep to my course. "Come, come," I admonished myself with Macbethian spirit, "'screw your courage to the sticking-place'",—and without further ceremony I plunged in.

Perhaps the second consideration to awaken my enthusiasm, was the remarkable fact that nothing which I could discover in the life of a mineral, was without its almost exact correspondence in the "higher" kingdoms,—in plants, in animals, in human beings. To students of Theosophy, the thought that all life is one, that matter in its countless manifestations, on different planes or in different kingdoms, is the *same* matter,—these are familiar thoughts; but to one who is still merely theosophically inclined, and that even quite unconsciously (as was the case with me at that time), the discovery of an underlying Unity of Being amounts to nothing less than a breathless revelation. I suppose I had always felt this unity of life, with that strange, inner sense common to most nature-lovers; but I had never before had the hard and fast scientific corroboration which awaited me now, and which seemed to bring all my scattered nature-impressions to a sharp focus.

First I learned that a crystal waxes strong and grows if it is given the proper food. As a baby rose tree will grow and shoot out lovely and delicate branches if it be planted in a soil in which it can thrive; as the animal or human baby will get its strength and will increase in size if given the food which nourishes it; so the baby crystal, if supplied with the particular chemical substance which is its life, increases in size and develops and, as an individual, takes its place in its own world.

More remarkable still, so it seemed to me, was the power of recuperation after a severe hurt,—not an uncommon occurrence in this lowest of the kingdoms. We have all watched some poor, broken arm of a cherished plant or bush, send out fresh shoots from the very spot where its life-blood had been drawn; we have all seen terrible wounds in mangled human bodies heal with well-nigh miraculous rapidity; but how comparatively few of us have been witnesses, in some laboratory experiment, of the amazing restorative energy shown by crystals when replacing lost "tissue"? Thus a crystal, exhibiting faultless geometrical form, may be broken or crushed almost beyond recognition, but, if given an "infusion of blood" (that is to say, if it be so placed that it can absorb a sufficient amount of its own chemical substance), it will grow once more, in its effort to regain symmetry, into a perfect whole with astonishing celerity and accuracy. Indeed, a crystal actually broken in half, if given the conditions necessary to life on its own plane, will grow into two perfect crystals, each half developing apparently *from within itself* (though science says by accretion) the form of the missing half, until the perfect whole,

the original design, is complete,—and then it stops! At least, if it grow further, its growth progresses symmetrically along the definite lines laid down by the Master Builder, no longer in the one recuperative direction only. Truly the "Elixir of Life" is at the heart of every crystal individual, and it is in watching such silent alchemy as this, such tenacious obedience to the laws governing its own life, that we may recognize a rudimentary memory in the mineral world, for, of course, the astral form of the crystal was not damaged when the crystal itself was broken in half, and the individual, being able to remember its own archaic likeness, could therefore reproduce it in faultless imitation. And however much nature spirits may have to do with the rebuilding of crystal "tissue," I cannot help believing that *within the individual crystal itself* there must, none the less, be the "tendency to repeat" the primitive habit,—memory, in short.

There was a third point which I noted, and this was the necessity for the cultivation of a habit of minute, patient and sympathetic observation, the need of giving the closest attention to every new aspect of this very new subject. If I failed to be on the alert at every moment, whether during the lecture hour or in the demonstration class afterwards, I always came away with the suspicion, generally developing into a sad conviction, that I had missed the very "trail" which would have led me out of a puzzling labyrinth, or which would have brought me to a quicker and a better understanding of some baffling enigma. Indeed, this sharpening of the habit of careful and exact observation increased to such an extent that it soon amounted to a kind of animal instinct, that instinct which is quick to detect and to follow the scent of the longed-for quarry.

This reminds me of a story which used to be told of the great Louis Agassiz of Harvard, one of the "idols" of my childhood. The story runs that the son of an eminent surgeon of Boston wished to complete his studies in medicine by a more thorough knowledge of natural history, so, rather against his father's wishes, he entered Professor Agassiz's laboratory. The morning of the first day, a Monday, he was given a trilobite with the injunction: "Examine this fossil carefully, and write down whatever you notice regarding it." Young X worked diligently all that morning, making very full notes of what he could observe. In the afternoon, Professor Agassiz passed his desk, and running hastily over the notes, remarked: "That is quite good, so far, but of course you have only begun your examination." Nothing daunted, X spent the remainder of that day making many more notes. The next morning, Professor Agassiz again appeared, and again remarked with cheerfulness: "X, you are really doing quite well. Keep right on. This is a very good specimen of a trilobite." X "kept on"; each day he "kept on"; and each day Professor Agassiz, examining the notes which had been made, repeated with ever-increasing cheerfulness: "Keep right on." At the end of the week, when young X returned home to spend the week-end with his people, his father asked him what progress he had made in Professor Agassiz's laboratory. X described his week's experiences. "What!" exclaimed the aston-

ished father, "No book?" "None." "No instruction?" "No." "Do you mean to say that you were not *told* anything about that trilobite?" "Nothing whatever." Long pause. "Well," this from the father, reflectively, "that is exactly the way a puppy has to learn to live and get his living."[1]

This is a story with a very real and a very penetrating moral, and no one can afford to ignore that moral, no matter in how homely a guise it may be presented; for how many of Life's secrets, lying at our very doors, must we miss, for no better excuse than lack of observation. Indeed, we are told that unless we have acquired the eyes to see, we might "meet an Adept in the flesh" or "live in the same house with him and yet be unable to recognize him"; and although the very act of recognition would imply a high degree of interior recollection, rather than one of detailed, exterior scrutiny, yet shall we not, perhaps, discover that the primary steps toward our goal will take us along this very path,—the path which involves a deliberate and painstaking attention given to every-day phenomena? How otherwise, can we make the first beginnings? How can we hope to fit ourselves to discern the Greater Mysteries of Life, if we go about with our eyes closed to most of the lesser realities which lie, invitingly, all about us? Think of passing a Master without recognizing him! What a terrible price to pay because of the "innocuous habit" of inattention!

"In the book of Kin-te, Spirit is called the unultimate sublimation of matter, and matter the crystallization of spirit."

The Mahatma Letters, p. 142.

"Where is the daring man who would presume to deny to vegetation and even to minerals *a consciousness of their own?* All he can say is, that this consciousness is beyond his comprehension."

The Secret Doctrine, vol. I, p. 298.

It is with profound reverence, as well as with the keenest exhilaration, that we first begin to trace in many of the phenomena of the mineral kingdom, a close parallel with the mighty processes of Cosmic or of Planetary Evolution. Not that we of the T. S. are surprised to find echoes of Cosmic laws on any and every plane of life; for if the *Secret Doctrine* has had any message at all for us, the effect of that message must surely have been to give us a deeper apprehension of the Unity of Life,—"the *Unity of all in Nature*, in its ultimate Essence" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 297). Realizing this underlying unity, even if only intellectually, we experience a kind of inner awakening, a galvanizing into new life, which results in a quickening of our susceptibilities to the very least of Nature's silent operations. Our first "clue" which, followed, leads to our first certainty that we have somehow stumbled upon one of the mysteries of Creation in the making (as though we had taken by surprise some secretly working god!), is as momentous an event as can happen

[1] This story has recently been revived by ex-President Eliot, in his *Harvard Memories*.

to any of us. Never again, to such a degree, do we feel baffled by any of the seemingly strange "tricks" which Nature plays. We may not immediately understand these "tricks" (in very few cases we do), and we often remain for long periods, seriously puzzled; but for all that, we have gained a curious sort of confidence, the kind of confidence which love gives, and that one little "clue" faithfully followed, is found to have been the golden key which has unlocked for us the heart of our Great Mother, and we can always find our way to it again, if we but persevere. At least, so it seems to me.

Looking at the subject, therefore, from the Cosmogonic point of view, we find reflected, far, far below in the mineral kingdom, so much of the glory from higher spheres, that these reflections, repeated over and over, seem as multitudinous as the stars in the heavens, the tracery as endless as Eternity itself. There is hardly a Cosmic Motion described in *The Secret Doctrine*, which is without its reflected semblance in the mineral world. Thus, when science tells us of the waters which carry in solution the chemical substances in which the embryonic minerals are lying,—those waters so necessary to the birth of crystals, those fertile waters so full of hidden and dormant crystal seeds,—we recognize the mirror-image of what the Stanzas call "the slumbering Waters of Life" (Stanza III, Sl. 2), those Waters wherein is "the Germ that dwelleth in Darkness."

The Stanzas describe the orderly unfolding of the Cosmos, and this through progressive states of tenuity up to final Manifestation; so we are not surprised to find, in the lowest of kingdoms, the identical sequence in miniature, for a crystal, of course, is capable of passing through these same states, "from etheriality to materiality" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 737) from the gaseous, through the liquid to the crystalline,—to consolidation in form. (The halogens are a good and well known example.) Further, in the life of any crystal, we know that sooner or later, it may be thousands of years or a paltry few hundred,[2] there comes a time of dissolution when it returns once more to etheriality, the transformation process known to geology as "decomposition." So we see that a crystal, like a Cosmos, has in its own small way, its rhythm of Manvantara and Pralaya. Science has not yet reached the point where it can give us any definite rhythmic law regarding the evolving and involving of individual crystal life, but perhaps one day we shall learn something about it, for it must be there in some form, even if very shadowy. In the meantime we know much of the collective experiences of minerals—I refer to the great geological periods—and we must content ourselves with that.

Minerals in general are what we may call one aspect or phase of differentiated matter, but with crystals this is especially true, and in the mineral world we shall do well to note the distinction, for of course, all minerals are not crystals, any more than is everything which looks like a human being in reality an immortal soul. "Many are the *soulless* men among us," we are told in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. I, p. 255), and just as in the vegetable and

[2] I am not, of course, taking into account the "artificial production" or the "hastened disintegration" which can be demonstrated in laboratories.

the animal worlds there are higher and lower forms of life, so, in this "lowest" of kingdoms, we find minerals which (perhaps owing to adverse conditions during the process of cooling, perhaps to some latent element of Tamas in their own composition) have failed to respond to the laws of symmetry and so have not succeeded in reaching individual expression. This is the amorphous mineral. On the other hand, there are the more energetic units (those maybe who are born under a "lucky star"), and these, held at first in solution, spring, when their hour strikes, into such definite and beautiful forms as are hardly equalled in the whole wide sweep of Nature. I say that they "spring" into life, as though it were an instantaneous process, but the formation of the average crystal is a very slow affair indeed, as is well known. Time, it would seem, is of not much more account in the making of a crystal, than it is in the formation of a Cosmos. In commenting on the Stanzas, *The Secret Doctrine* says that the "Slumbering Waters of Life" may be considered as "Primordial Matter with the latent Spirit in it" (vol. I, p. 93). The amorphous mineral, I think, may be looked upon as analogous to the "latent Spirit"—Primordial Substance not yet manifesting itself in Form; while the crystal may be taken as symbolic of individual, self-conscious life, a minute but clear reflection of the "Germ which dwelleth in Darkness" and which has evolved into "That, and That is Light" (Stanza III, Sl. 8).

I have just spoken of the difference between an amorphous mineral and a crystal. When Nature has had "fair play" (or when she has "played fair"!) —I mean when a mineral has been deposited under certain ideal conditions, then we watch the "transformation of the mineral atom through crystallization" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 266) and at once, "as in a glass darkly" we recognize its prototype,—the birth of a Cosmos. A mineral separates very, very slowly from solution. If for some reason the process be hurried, the geometrical marvel of the perfected form will not come to fruition. Time, as already said, is of no account in the mineral world. When in the embryonic state, if the crystal architecture is to be faultless, the germ-soul, lying in the waters must be free and unhampered,—free to develop all its beautiful faces, all its lovely, predestined form. Water is of paramount importance in the mineral world, as it is also "in all cosmogonies" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 93), for, as just pointed out, it is in the "waters" (the "mother-lye" of *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 267) that the crystal seeds or germ-souls are held, our Cosmic parallel being (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 93): "The Waters of Life or Chaos—the female principle in symbolism—are the vacuum (to our mental sight) in which lie the latent Spirit and Matter." It is by these waters that the germ-soul is nourished into life, being at first "vaporous, soft and plastic," to borrow a phrase from *The Mahatma Letters*, and becoming eventually "hard and concrete."

This book, *The Mahatma Letters*, is so full of material for mineralogists, even for the most humble of would-be mineralogists, that one asks oneself: "How is it possible that I have lived all these years without it?" To the question: "Does every mineral form . . . always contain within it that

entity which involves the potentiality of development into a planetary spirit?" the answer is given: "Invariably; only rather call it the *germ* of a future entity, which it has been for ages" (p. 88). Now it is these "primordial, cosmic, atom" souls in minerals which give so much food for reflection, and a belief in which, did he but guess it, would dissipate the very difficulty which the average man of science experiences when he tries to explain the "habits" of crystals. These habits *cannot* be explained to any satisfaction unless the existence of an "essence, or spirit, or soul"—call it what you will,—is admitted, even while it may be thought of as still semi-blind, as still groping.

To continue what the Master K. H. writes: "You must take each entity at its starting point in the manvantaric course as the primordial cosmic atom already differentiated by the first flutter of the manvantaric life breath. For the potentiality which develops finally into a perfected planetary spirit lurks in, *is* in fact that primordial cosmic atom" (p. 89). What a picture of never-ending unfoldment in those few lines! This infinitely tiny but potent germ-spark, imprisoned at first in a crystal, starting on its unthinkably protracted journey upwards, groping its way Home, up through all the planes of all the kingdoms to the very highest! On this steep, upward journey we watch it, now coming into incarnation, now going out; now solid, now gaseous; repeating in its own infinitely small way, the Great Cosmic Breaths.

In the mineral kingdom, reincarnation is as much the one reasonable explanation of progressive life as it is in the world of men, and while it would be injudicious to claim the same degree of individualized reincarnation for the units of this kingdom as we are in the habit of doing in the case of the more evolved of human beings, the subject as a whole seems to me to be worthy of a sympathetic investigation, especially when it becomes a question of comparing the higher and more evolved types of crystals with human beings *en masse*. If one goes to a museum and spends an hour looking at some of the lovely and perfect shapes to be found in any good mineral collection, and reflects upon the degree of obedience to the laws governing its own life which helped to produce each one of these perfected forms; if one then returns home, passing through a few of the more crowded thoroughfares of a very crowded city, noticing the "dregs" of humanity (if, indeed, some of these dregs may still be thought of as human), I think the scales will dip in favour of the mineral and not of the human kingdom.

As is the case with a Cosmos, or with a human being, no sooner does a crystal come into incarnation than it begins to follow the fore-ordained sequence,—it becomes the victim of change ("the law of this vibratory existence" as *Light on the Path* has it), and this particularly when it is exposed to atmospheric conditions, which is the equivalent of the "wear and tear of life." Sooner or later all minerals are acted upon in one or more of the many ways known to Nature; by hydration, oxidation, carbonization—what not. These chemical processes are the early beginnings of the crystal's dissolution, of its Pralaya. But we know that the very chemical substance which *as crystal* decomposes, takes life again, at some future time, in the same perfection of

geometrical form which is, indeed, its own individual expression. And this will be true even though, when clothed in a new body, its "habits" may tend to mask its real identity.

In our elementary geology books, all of us, as young people, have followed the romantic adventures of certain detached portions of disintegrated or of weathered rock, though in those heedless years, in the heyday of youth, we have not always had the eyes to see that particular kind of romance. Take the familiar example of a grain of sand (silica dioxide) which once upon a time, thousands on thousands of years ago, formed, as a crystal individual, an integral part of its group, perhaps a granite cliff. Becoming, in the course of time, separated as a result of denudation, it is knocked about the world, hither and yon, losing its old, familiar appearance as it goes, shedding its "transitory vehicle" little by little, as a human ego sheds its lower principles after the death of its physical body. Perhaps it may be washed into a river, its Kamaloka, to be ground smooth by many purgatorial processes into a rounded pebble; perhaps when at last it reaches the still peace of ocean depths, its Devachan, it may have been diminished in mineral bulk to the size of a grain of sand; but when its Karma is ripe (and in *Light on the Path* we read: "It is said that every grain of sand in the ocean bed does, in its turn, get washed up on to the shore and lie for a moment in the sunshine")—when its Karma is ripe, let this tiniest of sand grains, *to our eyes* a dead thing, battered, discoloured, opaque, find itself in water containing in solution some of the chemical properties necessary to the formation of quartz (a process I have already alluded to), and at once, that little shapeless body, that travel-stained little sand grain, will grow as a bulb grows when it is planted in good, sweet earth, sprouting the beautiful hexagonal crystals with pyramidal caps, so familiar to us. The dormant life, held for those countless thousands of years at the heart of that minute individual, blossoms once more, and it starts anew,—life in a fresh body, life built upon its dead past. If this is not Tanha, then I do not know what Tanha means. Thirst for life in the human kingdom most certainly has its counterpart in thirst for perfect geometrical form, which *is* life, in the mineral world. For form means individual life to the mineral as it does to the reincarnating human, and without form there would be no individual life at all on this plane of existence. Who shall say, then, that reincarnation belongs only to the world of men?

"Number Seven, the fundamental figure among all other figures . . . must have its *raison d'être*." *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 38.

"Nature geometrizes universally in all her manifestations. There is an inherent law—not only in the primordial, but also in the manifested matter of our phenomenal plane—by which Nature correlates her geometrical forms." *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 124.

Of course life in the mineral kingdom is septenary; any student of Theosophy would expect this, but even the Theosophically unconverted scientist has been

forced to this conclusion, and more and more do we find him pointing out to a somewhat mystified public (himself, no doubt, also mystified) the prominence of the number seven when related to natural phenomena. Many years ago, when I first began my studies, we were taught that there were but six crystallographic systems or types of crystal architecture. Quite recently it has been recognized, however, that this mode of reckoning was incomplete;[3] that without a seventh system the beautiful and varied forms, whether primitive or evolved, could not be accounted for satisfactorily,—and no wonder!

As there is the "Septenary Hierarchy of conscious Divine Powers . . . each of the various groups has its own designation in the Secret Doctrine" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 49); as "The One Ray multiplies the smaller Rays" (Stanza VII), so we recognize the "Primordial Seven" mirrored down through the kingdoms until the inorganic world is reached. We are told that each one of the "Seven Rays" is different from each of the other Rays, each Manifestation being peculiar to Itself. Coming lower in the Scale of Life, we know that every incarnating human ego belongs on one or other of these Seven Rays, and that it is by the slow process of evolution that each human being learns to conform to the laws governing his own Ray,—though until he has attained definite crystallographic form, that is, some degree of spiritual consolidation, Cosmically speaking he would probably be somewhat difficult to classify, because still merely amorphous. Coming still lower, *The Secret Doctrine* tells us that all the "earliest forms of organic life also appear in septenary groups of numbers" (vol. II, p. 628). Lowest of all, the mineral world echoes back the Hierarchical Seven in the seven crystallographic systems, but as in the case of the higher kingdoms, some degree of perfection must be attained before group life in any sense can be entered upon.

Crystallography is the study of the definite geometrical forms taken by mineral substances when these substances have had the chance to crystallize, and in my day the crystal faces themselves played a much more important part in determining the system to which a particular crystal belonged, than they do now. That is to say, if we found that the full number of faces necessary for identification were not present, we argued that this was due to "suppression," the result of imperfect development, and we called these poor cripples (for so we considered them) by the staggering name of "tetartohedral." Now, however, a crystal is not judged according to its external appearance, for, more often than not, this is very deceptive, and the number of faces is no longer a determining factor in classifying minerals. (We are in Kali Yuga, let us remember, and appearances are at a discount, even with those, scientists or non-scientific, who have never heard of Kali Yuga.) According to present day reckoning, the true elements of symmetry are to be found in the planes of symmetry and the axes of symmetry.[4] These planes and axes of symmetry are not concrete and visible as the faces are, one might call them

[3] Thanks for this are chiefly due to the invaluable work done by members of the staff in the Department of Minerals in the British Museum, during the early years of this century.

[4] I do not mean to imply that planes and axes of symmetry are a recent discovery, but that they are now given a greater emphasis than formerly.

invisible laws which influence the life of the individual, and its outer expression. You cannot actually see or touch a plane of symmetry as you can the beautiful facets of the crystal; you cannot touch it or hold it in your hand any more than you can "touch," concretely, the law of Karma, but you know that the law is there because of what happens. Bertrand Russell, in his book, *The A. B. C. of Atoms*, speaking of electricity, says: "It [electricity] is not a thing like St. Paul's Cathedral; it is the way in which things behave."[5] We might make use of this somewhat popularly phrased illustration, and apply it to the planes and axes of symmetry:—since a mineral crystallizes according to certain geometrical laws, or in a certain geometrical form, we know that it must have such and such "planes" and "axes." We might, in fact, for the sake of greater clarity, define these as follows:—a plane of symmetry is a *position* in the crystal, an axis of symmetry is a *direction*, and according to these "positions" and following such and such "directions" certain definite forms result. The laws are there, invisible, but intensely active.

A plane of symmetry, then (although I have described it rather metaphysically as an invisible position), is an all important factor in the architecture of any crystal, for once the planes of symmetry are determined (and there may be several in a crystal), this remarkable fact will be disclosed,—on both sides of these invisible planes the crystal will be found to be symmetrical to such perfection, that the one half will be the *mirror-image* of the other, a reflection within a reflection. This symmetry will not always be immediately apparent, indeed at the first glance there may appear to be no symmetry at all between these two halves, but a closer examination will prove beyond dispute that in the disposition of the faces, no matter what their relative sizes, not the least trace of anything asymmetrical can be found; the looking-glass half will be faultless. Here we get our first shadowy glimpse of *duality* in the mineral world, duality "which is, as it were, the very essence of its [the Manifested Universe] *Ex*-istence as Manifestation" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 44), for these two halves may be regarded as distinct, even though they are fused, and both are necessary to the perfection of the whole.

I have often wondered if a plane of symmetry, that filmy division, so insubstantial that *physically* it may be considered as non-existent, might possibly be thought of as a nascent plane of consciousness, while an axis of symmetry might be considered as the direction which that consciousness takes,—a kind of potential will. Thus a mineral, crystallizing in the cubic system, could be thought of as possessing a more extended consciousness, a more evolved will, than a mineral belonging to any of the other systems; for the cube has the highest degree of symmetry possible among crystals, *i.e.*, the greatest number of planes and axes of symmetry, and it was chosen, no doubt, in ancient times, as the symbol of perfection, on account of this very interior austerity and poise. Analogies may be carried on *ad infinitum*, and the danger of an analogy is well known to be equal to the lure. When, however, we real-

[5] Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 170, where electricity, as we know it, is described as an *effect* and not a *cause*.

ize that it is the axis of symmetry which actually determines the system to which an individual crystal belongs (the power of the will being the determining factor in evolution on all planes); when we discover that it is around and in conformity to the plane of symmetry that the salient physical (geometrical) characteristics of the mineral are developed (manifested life being impossible without consciousness), perhaps we shall feel that the point has not been laboured too far.

I have just said that the symmetry of a crystal is not always superficially evident, and that the development of faces seems often so irregular, almost eccentric, that the true symmetry is masked—this illusive appearance suggesting that the crystal in question has been unable to bring its personality into line—but one of the most astonishing revelations in the whole sweep of natural science, is what is known as the *constancy of angle in crystal faces.* No matter what "habits" an individual crystal may display, no matter how unequal in size its facets may be, nor how out of its normal proportion the crystal may appear, because it is composed of a definite chemical substance, each facial angle will be true to the geometrical law governing its crystal development,—the particular "class" in the particular "system"—even to the tiniest fraction of the fraction of an inch.[6] Doubt this, and the reflecting or the contact goniometer will convince you immediately, for no matter what the "tricks of expression" the particular crystal may have assumed, each and every angle will be found "constant." Members of one family, the same blood flowing in their veins (the same chemical substance), yet each with physical characteristics so dissimilar that the relationship is almost completely obscured, will yet prove themselves faithful to "family traditions."

In the mineral world, the reality of inner relationship is determined by means of exact calculation; therefore whatever superficial differences there may appear to be among crystal individuals of the same system (and after all, if what we see is but the outer personality, it is not surprising that these differences exist!), there is always the basic resemblance, though there is no blind uniformity. Each "brother" conforms to the laws which govern every other "brother" of that order, the inner group life being thus firmly established, indissolubly knit together. I think we should be able to see in this a *collective consciousness* of a very advanced type, the kind of collective consciouness which might well serve as an inspiring ideal, the kind which is referred to in *Lucifer* (vol. 3, p. 410):— "there is in reality no more difference than between a forest and its trees, a lake and its waters."

How happy for us of a "higher" kingdom if we could learn to make Brotherhood as real as this! What a change would come over the face of Life if we could remember that underneath all the various and deceptive habits which we are much too quick to detect in one another, there is That at the heart of each which, if recognized, would instantly establish the true relationship! "Learn to look intelligently into the hearts of men," we read in *Light on the*

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[6] There is of course the one exception which proves the rule,—but this is too long a story.

Path. Why, then, these idiosyncrasies should have no more power to create in us a "sense of separateness" than can the apparently unequal and twisted crystal faces destroy, in reality, the constancy of angle! Consciously or unconsciously the human race presses forward toward the attainment of a vaster symmetry than it can as yet conceive: at least let us hope that this onward march is sure. This will mean a *Collective Symmetry* built up by individual effort, each unit having attained to perfected form. If, as individuals, we could display one thousandth part of the insatiable thirst for symmetry manifested by every crystal which takes shape, what a marvellously faceted life-form would be the result!

"'Soft stones that hardened' . . . 'hard plants that softened' . . . for 'it is from the bosom of the stone that vegetation is born.'"

The Secret Doctrine, vol. II, p. 628.

Once, many years ago, I wandered alone through the gently rolling fields which stretch for miles along the tops of the rugged headlands, forming the south coast of Cornwall,—Cornwall, that country of mystery, where the past and the present meet. Below me dropped the sheer faces of the magnificent battlemented cliffs; around me stretched green meadows full of bright summer flowers, and I watched them delightedly as the cool wind from the ocean—a sapphire sea, never more full of magic than when seen from the Cornish coast—tossed them and played with them, making their crimson and orange and deep blue petals flash in the sunlight; for flowers love the soft, Cornish breezes and the rich, Cornish earth, and they grow there in great luxuriance. Suddenly, round a sharp turn of the tortuous little meadow path which I was following, I came upon the loveliest flower garden that one could wish to see, though it was fixed, immovable. Over the broad face and the softly rounded sides of a huge greenstone rock which was half buried in the high bank skirted by my little meadow path, thick as the very grass on which I stood, were growing thousands of tiny quartz crystals, the seeds brought and planted there (how long ago, who knows?) by the waters, rich in silica, of some neighbouring spring. Just as flower seeds are carried by the winds, these mineral seeds had been transported by the waters, and the rock was powdered with the slender, translucent needles, so thick that there was hardly any rock to be seen,—a whole flower garden of beautiful clustering crystals, the minute facets flashing back the clear sunshine, separated into every prismatic colour, now deepest purple, now palest rose, the same colours that the nodding flowers in the fields all about me were flaming on that warm mid-summer afternoon. Only because their world is built of matter a little less plastic, the lovely quartz flowers could not move and dance as the field grasses and flowers were doing, but the same life-urge was there, in the crystal as in the flower, the same yearning for perfection, for the beauty of symmetry. I took my magnifying glass (I was never without it), and I studied

that little brotherhood of crystals carefully, slowly, and not one that was really imperfect could I find among the hundreds which I examined, though each small hexagon, capped by its tiny pyramid, was in some indefinable way, different from its neighbour, just as there were no two field flowers exactly alike.

I was spell-bound, held as if by enchantment, it was such a lovely sight! As the field flowers, swayed by the cool sea breezes, scattered their perfume, so, with each change of light in the sky, the little crystal flowers sent out throbbing colour-signals, the inner language of the mineral world, those throbbing, changing colours seeming to give to the slender crystal shapes a gentle movement, all their own. As I stood there dreaming, there seemed to me at that moment, no difference whatever between the little people of the two kingdoms; for was there not a "blood bond," a magical interplay of life-forces, a metempsychosis, when the soul of the mineral, unable to incarnate in its own natural form, had been drawn up into the body of the plant to nourish it; the dying plant, giving back in its turn to the soil, the mineral essence which it had borrowed? And who knows how many countless summers that little rock garden had seen wax and wane? How many lonely winters it had passed, waiting for the spring, and for the new-old companions to come again?

It was hard to tear myself away, but I had wandered far from home, the shadows were growing long, and the sun, in golden splendour, was sinking off there in the far West, beyond the league on league of burnished ocean. With the deepening twilight, the field flowers would close their eyes for the night, and the little crystal flowers would no longer flash their colour-signals,—not until the coming of another sun; but with the new day I knew that each would call again to each, in the old, familiar language, and so on and on it would go, through the fast changing years.

At last I turned homewards, slowly, reluctantly (it was almost dusk now) and as I walked, I thought of the pale, still loveliness of the quartz crystals the rapturous response to the call of Life in the deep-hearted poppies.

"Not any flower that blows
But shining watch doth keep;
Every swift changing chequered hour it knows
Now to break forth in beauty; now to sleep."

Thus I sang to myself. "I will go there next week and spend the whole day," I said,—but that was just one more dream which did not come true, for I never passed that way again.

D.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE seventeenth day of November, 1925. "To-day is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of The Theosophical Society," said the Ancient, "and although we celebrated this great birthday at our Convention last April, we can afford once more to rejoice, to give thanks,—and to take warning. Most of us, I suspect, would freely confess, at least in our own hearts, that it is only by some sort of miracle that we, individually, have pulled through; for by our own strength and virtue we could not have done it, and must thank the high gods and our fellow-members, or some of them, for the blessing of still fighting in the ranks. Pray heaven we die, fighting! Death cannot be far off for some of us. May you, who are younger in years and in the work, be supported as we have been! And let all of us learn from the past, seeing when and why we tripped or so nearly tripped, turning to the Lodge in our hearts for light, if we need light, for decision, if we need decision, and then resolving—'highly resolving'—to forestall the danger by attacking it before the same weakness or blindness exposes us again. For the future of the Society rests in our hands. The Masters cannot maintain it unless its members supply a vehicle for the Lodge spirit and purpose,—a vehicle of purity, heroism, nobility, large-heartedness, large-mindedness, freedom from superstition, zeal, discretion, and an ever-increasing love of truth and goodness and beauty, as these come down to us from above. We know how the least of our efforts are welcomed by Masters, and that they reinforce us to the utmost limit of safety. We have everything in our favour,—except the lying glamour of the world, the lying clamour of the flesh, the lying snares of the devil. What fools we are,—that the same old tricks still have any power!

"'Experience,' says youth; 'I must have experience; it is not fair to expect me to see things as you see them. You are old; you have tasted; you have suffered and enjoyed, and now, with one foot in the grave, you preach at me!' 'Child,' I reply, 'you are as old as I am; perhaps older. How many more millions of times will you want to taste the things you have already tasted,—with tears of blood as the result. I am not preaching at you. I am trying to drive some sense into your head because I would give my ears if, at your age, someone had tried to drive the same sense into mine, and because, in so far as I know how to pray, I am praying that when I am born again and am as young as you are, and younger, there will be not one, but a score of people, with or without feet in the grave, who will hammer the truth into me! At least get rid of the cheapest and silliest of all illusions,—that there is any folly you have not already committed, or any worldly experience from which you have not already suffered. I know exactly what you think you want, and you can't have it because it doesn't exist. Your vision of it is false. You

see heaven through the spectacles of earth: so you see neither earth nor heaven. Really, there is no choice, because, if you were to decide that you want the earth, or earthly things, regardless of heaven, you could only reap misery, seeing that, in spite of yourself, you would remain a Soul; and because, if you were to decide that you want heaven, but a little of the earth too (which is the usual decision), you would find that both escaped you. . .' But enough of youth. Fundamentally, its problem is in no way different from ours."

"That is very true," said the Historian. "The cause of misery is the same at all ages, as Buddha declared many centuries ago: it is wrong self-identification; it is 'Thirst, that leads to re-birth, accompanied by pleasure and lust, finding its delight here and there,—namely, thirst for pleasure, thirst for existence, thirst for prosperity. . . The body, O Disciples, is not the self. . . Sensation, O Disciples, is not the self. . . Nothing which is perishable, painful, subject to change,' can be regarded as mine, or 'this am I, this is my self.' Old or young, we still thirst for sensation,—for the sensation of peace, of harmonious surroundings, of pleasant mental occupation, of absence of distress, when we no longer thirst for 'thrills.' We worry over perishable things, which is proof of wrong self-identification, because it is the personal self that clings to trivialities and will not detach itself from them. You remember the words attributed to Jesus in one of the Mohammedan books: 'Life is a bridge; pass over it; do not build upon it.' We build upon it, allowing ourselves to become immersed in the cares, the desires, the hopes, and especially (as we grow older) the fears of the personality. There are those for whom prayer has become a penance, because it reminds them of all their sins, of all their worries, of all their griefs, of all the things they want and cannot have, which are not and which ought to be. We yearn for beauty, and either see it where it does not exist—victims of glamour—blind to the eternal beauties—or grieve for the hideousness we do see. So with goodness, so with truth.

> "'Two men looked out through prison bars.
> The one saw mud;
> The other, stars.'

"We should see the mud, but we should see the stars also; and for every five minutes that we give to consideration of the mud, we should give at least ten minutes to contemplation of the stars. Further, instead of confining our thought of the stars to their remoteness, we should train ourselves to notice their reflection in the mud, the nearness of their light as it touches our eyes, the meaning of their rays as these pass through our being,—for does not one star differ from another star in glory?

"I began to read a book the other day (which is about as much as I accomplish nowadays in the way of reading!),—a new book by Basil King, called *Faith and Success*. I had enjoyed his *Conquest of Fear*, and there is much in his last book that I thoroughly like. But he says that motion pictures

have 'done more to rouse the Imagination in those in whom it was suppressed than all that the past centuries have contributed together.' I utterly disagree, and I disagree as flatly when he adds that, until the arrival of the motion picture theatre, the imagination had been starved in China, Japan, India, Africa, as it had been among the 'humbler classes' (what a misnomer!) of our own people. It is only in such countries as China, Japan, India, and among the 'humbler classes' there, that the Imagination flourishes. For those peoples, the world is made perpetually wonderful by the participation in human affairs of gods and demons, gnomes and sylphs and salamanders, Rishis and Star-Angels and ancestors,—or had been, until the arrival of motion pictures and their like. Apart from that, however, in any case in Japan, children are taught from infancy to use their imaginations, especially in the perception of hidden beauty. The poorest, unable to buy any work of human art, become independent of such extraneous aids by learning to recognize in the most commonplace of objects—a water-worn stone, a shadow on a wall, a fallen leaf—a beauty transcending the works of man. Taught to look for it, they find it. It is we, with our money, who are poor; yet we might learn to acquire their riches, and to find, not only in simple, natural objects, but, above all, in the commonplace and otherwise monotonous events of daily life, revelations of the eternal beauty, actions of the divine goodness, hints of celestial wisdom."

"Excuse a very blunt question," said the Student, as the Historian paused; "are you able to practise what you have just been preaching?"

"I am not," the Historian replied; "but I try, not merely from a sense of duty, but because I realize that, whenever I fail, it spells misery, big or little, both for myself and my friends. It is no easy matter to cure a tendency, and I caught myself this morning, as I made my way through the canyons of lower New York, saying to myself, half aloud, 'These beastly streets, these absolutely beastly streets!' I admit they are beastly, and that it would be lamentable if I thought they were beautiful; but I certainly do not need to convince myself of such an obvious truth by repeated affirmation: and why dwell on their inhuman ugliness? Why does my mind turn to that, rather than to some charming trait in the character of a friend, or to some verse from one of the great scriptures of the world, or to some memory or hope of other and better spheres? I suppose the answer is that the street is there, and the friend is not. But this would mean that my mind is dominated, or in any case unduly influenced, by sense impressions and by passing stimuli. It is very humiliating."

"Part of the trouble in your case is that you find distinct pleasure in your own mental vituperation," commented his old friend, the Philosopher, with a broad grin. "I can see you composing anathemas as you fight your way through the millions of little Jew girls on lower Broadway during the lunch hour!"

"Whatever the cause, I am determined to stop it," the Historian continued, "and my excuse for sermonizing about it before I have done so, is

that at least I so clearly perceive the ideal, and the effects of the bad mental habit I have been condemning."

"There is another subject which I should like to touch upon, if I may, in connection with our fiftieth anniversary," the Ancient now resumed. "Because we live and work in Kali Yuga, the Black or Iron Age, it is inevitable that The Theosophical Society should throw up psychic counterfeits, —travesties of itself, grotesque perversions of its nature and mission. For many years, no reference to these was made in the QUARTERLY. We have always refused to deal in personalities. No one can ever say that our members exploit themselves in our pages, or that the QUARTERLY is ever used for personal ends. We have no quarrel, personally, with these psychic counterfeiters. Some of them—more years ago than I can number—I knew; but they mean no more to me now than characters in ancient history. I should not refer to them by name, except for the fact that at all costs they invite it. They advertize themselves and their pictures in their own magazines, to such an extent that it would be cruel to refer to Point Loma without mention of the 'Leader and Official Head,' or to speak of the Adyar Society without identifying it with Mrs. Annie Besant and 'Bishop' Leadbeater. It is not, however, to Mrs. Tingley that reference needs to be made. Point Loma exists, but the purpose of its existence is so obvious that, as a travesty of The Theosophical Society, its existence is almost innocuous. Mrs. Besant, unfortunately, still has a reputation in the world which makes her dangerous to the good name of Theosophy,—and Theosophy must be defended. Years ago, she possessed rare oratorical powers, and perhaps still possesses them. In any case, she seems able to draw a crowd, and she presents to these crowds a travesty of Theosophy which I shall not characterize because her own words will do so more effectively than I can. I have before me a magazine called *The Herald of the Star*, for September, 1925. It is described as a Special Congress Number,—the Congress being that of 'The Order of the Star in the East,' the 'Head' of which is J. Krishnamurti; the 'Protector' of which (or of whom) is Mrs. Annie Besant. The Congress was held in Holland. The magazine is well supplied with photographs—of Mrs. Besant, of Krishnamurti, of Leadbeater, and of men dressed as Bishops, in full 'pontificals,' a blend of Rome and Greece, extravagant, gorgeous—'Bishops' in their own little church, the 'Liberal Catholic Church,' in which the sacraments are clairvoyantly administered, with aura streaming through the walls, and the most wonderful 'uplift' that ever was, thanks to Mr. Leadbeater's observation of the aura as he sits two thousand miles away at Adyar. However, it is best to let Mrs. Besant speak for herself—though the photographs tell more even than her words: the photographs tell everything. I have never seen such faces: they are terrible. If you want to see the face of a devil, here it is"—and the Ancient handed it round—"and is not that seared image a picture of the spirit of the world, of worldly ambition and love of power? And this one, a picture of the flesh? What better proof of blindness,—to publish them!

"The 'Address by Dr. Besant' begins with a description of the occult hierarchy. ('I am one of those,' she says in a later address in the same magazine, 'who always see a kind of diagram on which my knowledge is arranged, so to speak'; and she arranges the Lodge accordingly.) At the head of the hierarchy is the 'King.' 'We know that He came with His three Pupils from another world, the planet Venus . . . immediately below Him, the three Pupils of whom I spoke, and that wonderful Flower of our humanity, the Lord Buddha, of the same rank as They, after His great illumination. And then there come three Mighty Ones; the Lord Vaivasvata Manu . . . the Bodhisattva . . . the Maha-Chohan . . . the Bodhisattva, Krishna-Christ as He is sometimes called. . . Then below Them come the Chohans of the seven Rays. . . Keep then, I pray you, that rough outline in your minds, for I have no time to go into it in more detail.'

"It should perhaps be explained at this point that 'Bishop' Arundale, who followed Mrs. Besant, began his comments on her speech in these words: 'You have had on this most memorable morning the great privilege of listening first to the representative in the outer world of the world's greatest KING. As His representative, she has given to you His message. Not often is it given to the Great King's messenger to convey to the outer world His orders and commands. . . . From our Mother, our Chief, you had the power.'

"So we come back to the 'message': 'And now I have to give to you, by command of the King, I have to give to you His Message, and some of the Messages of the Lord Maitreya and His great Brothers,' to wit: the aforesaid Bodhisattva, 'Krishna-Christ,' is going to take possession of the body of Krishnamurti, as the body of Jesus was taken possession of, in Palestine, by the same exalted entity. (It will be noted, therefore, incidentally, that Adyar adopts a very ancient 'heresy.') This is to happen very soon. Krishna-Christ has already chosen 'His twelve Apostles—a significant number, "the twelve" . . . He has already chosen them, but I have only the command to mention seven who have reached the stage of Arhatship, which seems to be the occult status for the small circle of His immediate disciples and messengers to the world. The first two, my brother Charles Leadbeater and myself, passed that great Initiation at the same time, together because of our future work together, at the time that I became President of the T. S.'"

There was a gasp, as the Ancient paused in his reading; and then a gale of laughter, as the absurdity of the thing flooded over our sense of sacrilege and outrage.

"Don't laugh," the Ancient exclaimed. "I can sympathize with your feeling, but that Theosophy, or any of its teachings, should be thus dragged in the mud, is almost unendurable."

It was not fair to present the matter in this light, and then to tell us the facts, bad enough in themselves, with any touch of irony. We tried to keep straight faces, but did not always succeed, as the Ancient continued:

"Having installed herself and 'Bishop' Leadbeater as the two chief Arhats, Mrs. Besant proceeded to name the five others, members of her society, two

of them Orientals, and the rest of them 'Bishops,'—Wedgwood, Arundale, Köllerström. They were more recent Arhats, baby Arhats, so to speak, but quite genuine, because 'Bishop' Köllerström, on the same occasion, had a good deal to say about his own 'passing of that great fourth Initiation of which our Chief has just spoken to us,' and about his little trip to Nirvana, when, in his own words, 'as it is put in *The Light of Asia*, "The dewdrop slips into the shining sea."' A pity the dewdrop did not stay there, some may think; but it didn't, because there it was, dressed up as a Bishop, mitre and all, able to assure a rapt audience that 'you also may feel something of that marvellous Life burning, throbbing, pulsing through your bodies, even as Jesus must have felt it, even as Krishnaji (pet name for Krishnamurti) will feel it, even as to some extent we at the fourth, the Arhat Initiation have felt it.'

"It is worth noting incidentally," continued the Ancient, "that Mrs. Besant, who is not lacking in a certain political astuteness, has the Krishnamurti avatar 'sewn up' in advance—if you will pardon the slang—by means of her diagram. She is not a mere Arhat,—far from it. As already explained, at the head of the hierarchy is the 'King,' with his three pupils from Venus. Well below him, and presumably below the three pupils, come the three 'Mighty Ones,' including the Bodhisattva, 'Krishna-Christ.' Now modesty evidently prevented Mrs. Besant, on *that* occasion, from saying that she is one of the three pupils of the 'King'; but modesty did not prevent the statement: 'Taking the first Ray with, as Head, the Great King, we have one of these representatives in myself.' She delegates Krishnamurti, and even 'my brother Leadbeater,' to the second Ray. Consequently, if the Avatar does not behave himself—that is to say, if he should develop ideas of his own —she will be in the position, strategically, to produce a 'command' from the 'Great King,' deposing him! If it were not so transparent, it would be ingenious.

"But now for another feature of the situation, the reverse of humorous. Krishnamurti, who is to be the 'vehicle' of 'Krishna-Christ,' the Bodhisattva, has for ages been interested in Universities, it appears, and therefore it is but natural that 'a great Theosophical World-University' is to be established under his auspices with as little delay as possible. This University is to be managed by the Arhat, 'Bishop' Wedgwood (some of you may have heard of him), who, speaking on the same occasion, declared that 'the great difficulty with most of us is, we suffer so much from *repression*. The whole course of training in our modern civilization has been in the *repressing* of people, not only in their youth, but in the whole course of life.'

"I do not wish to speak openly. Indeed, it would be impossible to do so. But I want you to notice that last quotation, and to try to understand why I am dragging this unsavoury subject into the pages of our beloved QUARTERLY. It is because I fear a terrible explosion from the midst of all that hocus-pocus,—an explosion that will make the name, Theosophy, a scandal and a byword; and because all of our members would suffer unjustly from the repercussion, I want them to know what is going on, and to remind them that the purity

and nobility of their own lives will be their best protection, as well as the best defence they can afford Theosophy and The Theosophical Society. That we abhor the doings of the Adyar Society in all its ramifications—'Star' and Co-Masonry and Liberal Catholic Church included—it is our duty to declare, because their ways are evil, and because we must protect The Theosophical Society in the eyes of the public. Let no one imagine that we have the slightest connection, inner or outer, with Adyar, and, instead of waiting until the crash comes, it is a duty to make that fact clear now."

The Ancient had said his say. There was a pause. Then the Outsider commented: "Something of what you have been telling us has already found its way into the popular press. A recent issue of the London *Sphere*, which I brought with me this afternoon, intending to ask you about it, contains a paragraph about Coué, and then continues,—'Meanwhile, if there is excitement among the auto-suggestionists in London, there is even more among the fervent Theosophists. The Theosophical Society has been celebrating its jubilee, and before its meeting at the Queen's Hall last Sunday, the word was passed round that the "Inner Circle" had a Messiah in its keeping. It was even hoped that Mrs. Annie Besant might announce him from the platform. No such announcement was made; but a pamphlet distributed on instructions from the "Inner Circle" emphasized the "widespread expectation that some great spiritual Teacher is likely soon to appear among us—an expectation which is manifesting itself in almost all parts of the world." Since then the Theosophists have been telling each other in confidence that Mrs. Besant and another are carefully training the awaited Teacher, but that he is not yet quite ready for his work of regeneration.'

"The contributor to the *Sphere* then says: 'It may sound fantastic, but that, I assure you from first-hand evidence, is a tale that is seriously told among hundreds who believe in the late Madame Blavatsky's letters from mystic personages in Thibet some three decades ago, and in the mixture of Cabalism, Buddhism, and Brahminism, which arose as Theosophy from the contents of those letters. If only any investigators had ever met any Thibetans who had ever known in the flesh the mystic personages presumed to have written the Blavatsky correspondence, there would be fewer grounds for assuming of Theosophists that day by day in every way they grow queerer and queerer.'"

"It makes the situation for our members in England almost impossible," said the Ancient. "Public propaganda of the truths of Theosophy does more harm than good, because it merely helps to advertize Mrs. Besant. I have often thought that every copy of the QUARTERLY sold there, should be labelled 'No connection with what *you* have heard about Theosophy!' And England is going to be deluged with this Messiah business: an unspeakable outrage. I am thankful in any case that for years past our members there have been advised that they should concentrate all their efforts upon the transmutation of themselves into living stones, as foundation for the work of the future, when Adyar and its monstrosities shall have passed to the place where they

belong. The nucleus in England has been kept alive. It is small, but clean and strong. That is enough to assure a healthy growth when the hour for growth comes. Meanwhile, the most that members there can do outwardly is to declare—'*That* is not Theosophy! *That* is a hideous perversion of the ancient Wisdom Religion! *That* is flatly opposed to the teaching and purposes of Madame Blavatsky!'"

"Speaking of travesties," the Philosopher commented, "reminds me of an alleged history of the Society, published not long ago in New York, written by one who never met Mr. Judge or any of those about whom they write so familiarly, and whose association has been with some ex-members of Point Loma—a disastrous introduction either to an understanding of Theosophy or to its history. They write with an air of considerable authority, and quote from many documents to prove whatever it may be that they want to prove, going into great detail, especially when dealing with the period following Mr. Judge's death. The trouble is that they do not know what they are talking about, deriving all their information at second or third hand, and from people who never at any time were close to Mr. Judge or to the centre of the work. They quote from some private papers, with evident ignorance of others issued during the same period, with the result that their quotations, torn out of their setting, are meaningless when not positively misleading. Their picture, therefore, is like that seen in a broken kaleidoscope. As I was a participant in many of the events which the authors undertake to relate and to explain, I found myself alternately amused and amazed by their misinterpretations. It is greatly to their credit that they have such admiration for Mr. Judge, but this book, evidently published at their own expense, is, to put it mildly, a most unfortunate expression of their sentiment. It would have wounded Mr. Judge, because of its attacks on those who were closest to him, and its utter misrepresentation of the Cause for which he gave his life."

"Well," said the Student, "Kali Yuga doubtless means the Black Age, but I think the Topsy-Turvy Age would best describe the particular sub-cycle through which we are now passing. When body-snatching is featured on the front page of our newspapers, not as a crime, but as an achievement. . ."

"Do you mean in Egypt?" asked the Outsider.

"Yes, especially in Egypt, though the same kind of thing is going on all over the world,—and worse, in so far as the indecent exposure of the private lives of their own forebears, perpetrated by people in Europe who ought to know better, is one degree worse than the physical violation of tombs.

"Look at the way, too, in which British and French 'statesmen' are weeping with joy because some German politicians show signs of forgiveness,—not of repentance, but of forgiveness! England, perhaps, is to be forgiven; France, perhaps, is to be forgiven; even Belgium, perhaps, is to be forgiven, —by Germany! The wild beast of Europe, having been temporarily disabled, though still roaring and threatening, is patted and fed with cake, and finally agrees to be 'good,' only to demand more cake, more favours, while docile

Allied—or ex-Allied—statesmen, rush to satisfy its appetite. A topsy-turvy world indeed!"

"But there are still some who see straight, at least on that subject," interjected the Historian. "There is a small weekly paper published in Brussels, *La Revue Catholique*, which is said to be the personal organ of Cardinal Mercier, who wrote those splendid Pastoral Letters during the War. It contains brief editorials on current events, and after the publication of the Locarno treaties, this, freely rendered, is what it said:

"'Locarno! . . . Another stage in the journey toward Peace. The twentieth, or is it the thirtieth, in seven years?

"'Never before has the modern world, product, as it is, of the baneful principles of 1789, so openly displayed its impotence. Democracy, it has been said and re-said, won the War. It is forgotten, incidentally, to add that, in order to do this, Democracy was obliged to nullify itself.

"'Democracy has lost the Peace. . .

"'After seven years of conference after conference, the point has been reached at which they no longer dare to speak to Germany of her guilt. . . Tomorrow, doubtless, all demands for reparation will be abandoned. . .

"'And if only Peace were nearer in 1925 than it was in 1918! But. . . who would dare affirm that it is?

"'The Pact of the Rhine! The blindness of Paris, of London, of Washington and . . . of Brussels, also, missed the opportunity which existed immediately after the war, to create a Rhine State which would have been worth all the treaties.

"'A security treaty! But that very treaty reconstitutes German unity, as a necessary preliminary,—when the dismemberment of a Prussianized Reich would have provided the supreme security for Europe.'

"How is that for clear thinking and plain speaking? Nothing topsy-turvy about that!"

"And nothing topsy-turvy about this, either," declared the Student, triumphantly; "the Soviet authorities in Russia, following the example of the Vatican, have put Theosophy on their Index; they have banished books on Theosophy from all their public libraries!"

"It is certainly a comfort to have men and movements properly lined up," the Historian agreed; "and there is no mistaking the source of Soviet 'inspiration.' That Adyar draws its 'inspiration' from the same source, Mrs. Besant is now making abundantly clear. For that, at least, we can be thankful. The Masters of the White Lodge will see to it that no sincere student of Theosophy need be deceived. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

September 8th, 1918.

DEAR ———

Your second question, in the record I enclose, is the equivalent of asking: If I want to become physically strong, should I exercise or, instead, dwell upon the reasons why I want to be strong? The answer is, *Both*. You must exercise, but as exercise is a dreary business without a strong motive, it is wise to pay attention to the motive. . .

I approve of your trying to exercise your imagination.

Referring to the last page of the record: Do you know what your soul is doing—that you were, as you say, "furious" with ———— for crediting you with having followed her experiences of the day, although she was away from you? Are you certain that she was wrong and you right? Are you sure that your soul is not doing many things, all the time, of which you should be conscious, but are not? What do you think your soul does? What is the use of exercising your imagination if it cannot carry you over such an obstacle as ————'s ideas about your help? I have more faith in you than you have in yourself; and evidently much more belief in your soul than you have.

But the point is that I like these records and believe you are doing very well indeed. Keep it up. It helps everything and everybody, all around.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

October 8th, 1918.

DEAR ———

Your reports are so satisfactory, and you yourself are such a comfort in these hard times, that I am grateful to you; and am writing you to-night, although just home (9 p. m.) from a long day in town,—because I want you to know how I feel. You help much more than you know—much more than you can realize—by just going on trying to be good and to do your duty as well as you can. Also I want to thank you for your special help with the work on ————. I do not know what I should have done if you had not come so nobly to the rescue. I never seem to have any time any more.

Commenting on your reports: Yes, I am quite sure that the penances given us by the Master, by events and by the circumstances of our lives, are much better for us than self-imposed and artificial penances. At some point or other, all saints have been ordered to stop giving themselves penances; and it has been pointed out to them that they can get the same discipline and self-

control by using the events of daily life as their penance. Witness your own feeling, at times, that a great many more people want a great deal more help and advice than you have time and strength and nervous energy to give. Is not living through such a feeling, and rising triumphantly above it—carrying the weaknesses of the lower nature with you as you rise—much more of a real conquest of self, a much more dynamic and constructive accomplishment, than going without sugar, or meat, or what not? The penance is a negative thing, which has positive results if it be true, but in itself it is negative. The victory over self in daily life is a positive thing, also with positive results, of course.

Answering your question, I have, of course, often felt that too many people wanted too many things of me. It is one of the commonest of experiences of anyone trying to help, or rather whose duty it is to help others. We do not feel it when we are trying to help; we only feel it when it is our duty to help, and we are not quite up to the level of our task. The cure for it is to go ahead regardless of fatigue, disinclination, or the feeling that we are without inspiration. The effort to go ahead without regard to our feelings will arouse Kundalini, and before we know it, inspiration will come, and we shall find that we meet the demands of the occasion: or rather we find that the demands are met: we, are only the machinery, the necessary machinery. Our effort was the oil which enabled the machine to move, or the power that enabled it to work. Remember that you have an unlimited credit at the bank. All you have to do is to draw the checks: but you must draw the checks; they will not draw themselves. Even the Master cannot pay checks that are not made out and presented.

I can sympathize with what you say about systematic self-examination. All I can say in reply is that it is necessary, and sooner or later you will discover that necessity. It is like a great many other things in the inner life. We know about them and experiment with them—play with them, for some time before we really awaken to a realization of what they mean, and what they accomplish. These awakenings come along the road; and, as a rule, follow the faithful performance of a practice when it is persevered in without full understanding.

It is so, also, with loving the Master. Our lower self does not love him. Quite the contrary; and unfortunately we are our lower selves a very large part of the time; and a part of the lower self is still with us, even in our best moments, or at any rate in all but our very best. But one day we get free, if only for a second, from the incubus of this lower self, and we feel, we love, with our real self. It is a revelation, and we never forget the intensity and vividness and power of our feeling. We carry it back into ordinary life, and although we lose it, we know we have had it, are capable of it, and that a part of us, the real part, is actually, at all times, feeling that way.

Now I have told you all I know, and I must stop and go to bed.

Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

November 18th, 1918.

DEAR ———

Another comment on your fortnightly record: Your question about "attacking the lower self with fury"—and the routine writing of checks. Suppose you were a French soldier in the trenches, and found yourself becoming bored with daily digging—what would you say to yourself? Translate your answer into terms of devotion to the Master.

At ————, you should try to think of yourself as the Master's representative. You should think of his interest in all those people; of his desire to father and mother them,—above all to companion them, to give of his love and sympathy. Then you should do it for him and with him, not of course assuming any rights nor even any particular *outer* duties. It is an inner attitude that is needed, and your lack of self-confidence, your suspicion of their feeling for you, will prove the obstacle in your nature to be overcome.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

December 1st, 1918.

DEAR———

I return the last three reports. You are a nice child but you still have silly fits, and you had one when you suggested living under obedience as a practice for your prospective work. What on earth have you been doing for the last several years? Your stock of obedience (which is quite large, fortunately) has been used and at times strained, from day to day, almost from hour to hour, for a long time. Did you not know it?

You have had and you are having all the current practice in this virtue that you can stand. Think how many scores of times you have gone to ———— with a problem, have been entirely dissatisfied and disapproving of his treatment of it, and have gone off and done exactly as he said, and exactly as you thought most unwise. Think how many scores of suggestions you have made which have not been adopted. Think how many times you have been told to stop fussing about the affairs and business of others.

Did you think that living under obedience meant that you would be told what to eat and drink and wear? That is all elementary and easy.

The point, however, is that you have had the experience, and it is your task now to realize that fact, and to draw from your experiences the knowledge needed to guide others.

I can give you one general piece of advice. The secret of a good director is not to direct. The more authority a person has, the fewer orders he should give. The ———— gives practically none. His disciple is not up to the mark if ———— has to give him a suggestion. You must use the utmost care not to give positive and definite directions, and to be careful about your expression of preferences.

If those at ——— think that the answer to their request is that they will get more specific directions than heretofore about their daily lives and work, they are mistaken. The exact opposite is the case. If they are fit for the next step, it will mean that they must do what is right with less direction—not more. Parallel with this of course goes the other fact,—that they must give the utmost heed and obedience to every hint, or suggestion, or request, or direction they do get.

A rare hint = a disciple
An occasional suggestion = a young disciple
An occasional request = a postulant
An occasional direction = a neophyte or applicant.

You should have understood this law. It is plain enough.

Your increased responsibility will arise, not from the need of giving more directions than you have been giving, but from the increased risk which those you direct will incur because of their effort or resolve or the ideal they are trying to live. Your task will be to save them from the consequences of failure by not putting them to the test they cannot meet,—and to do this while satisfying their demand for direction and advice. See?

I will talk it over with you if you like: after you have thought it over.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. Griscom.

Men and women make sad mistakes about their own symptoms, taking their vague uneasy longings, sometimes for genius, sometimes for religion, and oftener for a mighty love.—Eliot.

REVIEWS

El Teósofo, Vol. I., No. I, published by the Venezuela Branch, at Norte 3, No. 38, Caracas.

It is a great pleasure to welcome the first number of *El Teósofo*, the new quarterly review, which succeeds *Dharma*, a friend of many years standing, published by the Venezuela Branch of Caracas. Many years ago, Mr. Judge visited Caracas, and *El Teósofo* is full of the fire of enthusiasm for the Cause which he then kindled. It is filled, too, with the spirit of loyalty to the principles for which he gave his life, and with loving gratitude and devotion to those who have brought and are bringing the light of Theosophy to the darkness of the world. The name, *The Theosophist*, was chosen "to reclaim a name that belongs to the Theosophical Society and to expiate the offence committed against H. P. B. in the profanation of *The Theosophist*, the first magazine which she founded." It is dedicated to those Masters and their Chêlas who have been back of the Theosophical Society since its founding fifty years ago, and is "reverently laid on the Altar of their service" as "the humble offering of grateful sons." It is further dedicated to the memory of all those disciples of the past who, from time immemorial, have fought to the death to fulfil the will of the Father, and to bring the light of the Ancient Wisdom to men; to the memory of Juan Benzo, "a granite stone of the foundation," to Francisco Dominguez Acosta, "knight of God," and to the memory of "all those companions, humble and silent, who have passed to the other side of life."

The greater part of the magazine consists of valuable and timely articles translated from back numbers of the QUARTERLY, *The Path* and *The Theosophist*. These are so well chosen that we find ourselves wishing that someone would retranslate *El Teósofo* into English in order that the articles it contains might be read, or re-read, by many to whom they are not now accessible. Having in mind the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Society on November 17th, 1875, these articles include "The Future of the Theosophical Society," from the *Key to Theosophy*, and two others on the same subject, "Notes and Comments" from the QUARTERLY of January, 1911, and "A Reincarnation," by E. T. Hargrove, reprinted from the *Path* of December, 1895. Among the translations are several articles by Mr. Judge, "Karma" by Prof. Mitchell, and "Is Time a Dimension of Space," by Mr. Johnston. There are also specially contributed articles. There is a "Questions and Answers" department, "Echoes and Notes," and a report of the activities of the Venezuela Branch.

In its "Statement of Our Position," it reiterates its loyalty to the fundamental principles of the Society, and closes with a tribute to THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY which "with the trumpet of the Angel of the Resurrection, calls the dead to life."

"And the Venezuela Branch, which is an integral part of the Theosophical Society, of its plan and of its goal, makes itself an echo of that voice with *El Teósofo*. From THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, *Dharma* received its direction and its inspiration, and *El Teósofo*, which is a continuation of *Dharma*, takes refuge in the beneficent shade of that great tree, which bears the fruit of life immortal. . .

"At the beginning of our labours for the brotherhood of all men, we extend our hand in greeting to those who, in whatever way, are also working for the same end."

J. F. B. M.

The Forum for August, 1925, contained a valuable letter from Mr. Charles Johnston in refutation of misstatements by M. Jules Bois, who contributed a series of articles to that magazine on "The New Religions of America," and who confused the teachings of Madame Blavatsky with the travesties of those teachings which are being propagated by Mrs. Besant and her followers. We congratulate *The Forum* on living up to its name. H.

Introductory Botany, Part I, The Structure and Classification of Seed Plants, by R. E. Torrey, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Botany, Massachusetts Agricultural College; Second Edition, Amherst, 1925; price $1.80.

A considerable familiarity with elementary text-books in Botany long since convinced the reviewer that the majority of them would surely kill what budding germ of interest the student might have had in the subject. Dry, formal, and lifeless, most of them are, even though accurate, and even though the exposition of the science be logical and sound from the standpoint of pedagogics. Here we actually have a readable book, written in a pleasant, easy style, with a wealth of carefully selected and entertaining illustrations. QUARTERLY readers are not concerned with a technical critique, and we must restrain professional enthusiasm for a more timely occasion.

There are two aspects, however, in which this volume stands apart from the stereotyped text-book. First, from the very beginning it relates detailed and apparently pointless bits of information about plants, back to theories and scientific generalizations of wide interest. In other words, the student can see the "point" of this and that fact or series of facts in botany, a question which he is always asking in every subject, and which the average elementary text-book never answers, on the ground that he lacks sufficient information to comprehend it.

The second feature about Dr. Torrey's book is the preface and introduction, which contain a declaration of his personal views on the functions of science and religion, the limitations of the former and the need of the latter in correctly defining the real aim and purpose of life. While nowhere so termed, these views might fairly be called Theosophic, in that they are prevalent among members of this Society. The author writes very earnestly, and obviously feels strongly that the real purpose of a college is to train men in body and mind for the real Quest of Life. We are heartily in accord with all his points of view, and are convinced that they have enabled him to write a better text-book of botany. We also admire his courage in declaring them.

L. G.

The Bhagavad Gita, Interpreted by Franklin Edgerton, Assistant Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Pennsylvania; The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1925. Price $1.00.

Students of Theosophy will find much to admire in this scholarly, intelligent and sympathetic study of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Much of it covers familiar ground. Take, for example, this exposition of the doctrine of Karma: "A man is exactly what he has made himself and what he therefore deserves to be. An early Upanishad says: 'Just as (the Soul) is (in this life) of this or that sort; just as it acts, just as it operates, even so precisely it becomes (in the next life). If it acts well it becomes good; if it acts ill it becomes evil. As a result of right action it becomes what is good; as a result of evil action it becomes what is evil.' In short, the law of the conservation of energy is rigidly applied to the moral world. . . And all this is not carried out by decree of some omnipotent and sternly just Power. It is a natural law. It operates of itself just as much as the law of gravitation. It is therefore wholly dispassionate, neither merciful nor vindictive. It is absolutely inescapable; but at the same time it never cuts off hope. A man is what he has made himself; but by that same token he may make himself what he will. The soul tormented in the lowest hell may raise himself to the highest heaven, simply by doing right. Perfect justice is made the basic law of the universe. It seems hardly possible to conceive a principle of greater moral grandeur and perfection." Equally felicitous is the description of Nirvana: "the concept of the perfected state as a kind of pure and—so to speak—unconscious consciousness, and transcendent bliss" (pages 20 and 23).

The dozen chapters which make up the book are studies, such as "The Upanishads," "Soul and Body," "Action and Rebirth," "The Way of Devotion to God" and "Practical Morality."

Something over fifty years ago Matthew Arnold wrote, concerning the term God: "The seemingly incurable ambiguity in the mode of employing this word is at the root of all religious differences and difficulties. People use it as if it stood for a perfectly definite and ascertained idea. . . ." This sentence, and much more in *Literature and Dogma*, to the same effect, is brought to mind by the constant use of the term, God, in Professor Edgerton's book. Many students are likely to feel that it is not quite in harmony with the spirit of the *Bhagavad Gita;* that it might have been better, as Matthew Arnold himself suggested, to use "the Eternal." There is a real difference between the concept of a "personal God" and the concept of the Logos revealed through a perfected person; the latter appears to us to be the key-note of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Emerson has a good deal to say on this subject.

Again, Professor Edgerton appears to be influenced unconsciously by the telescoping of centuries in the chronology of ancient India, under the direct pressure of Archbishop Ussher's chronology, of which there is abundant evidence in the earlier *Asiatick Researches*. From one point of view, Sanskrit literature was discovered by the West a century too early. The damage done to its chronology has not yet been repaired.

A minor point. Though the use of the word "Hindu" is so widespread, it is really a glaring anachronism to apply this modern Persian importation into India to the period of the Rig Veda and the older thought of India. It is almost like speaking of the Englishmen who built Stonehenge. This is, as we say, a minor point. Professor Edgerton's book has many virtues.

C. J.

Aristotle, by W. D. Ross, M. A., Deputy Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford; Charles Scribner's Sons, 1924; price $3.75.

This is really an abridgment of Aristotle's works within the compass of a single volume. Mr. Ross has followed the course of the great philosopher's thought step by step, with a minimum of digression even for the most necessary comment. His book is, therefore, useful for anyone who has neither the time nor the burning desire to read Aristotle unedited; although the method of presentation is a little cold and dry, in which respect it is again a faithful copy of its original.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Ross has not tried more effectively to interpret, as well as to transcribe Aristotle, for such commentary as he does offer, is singularly illuminating. In particular, he has a clear notion that the real contribution of Aristotle to Western thought was scientific rather than metaphysical. "Aristotle fixed the main lines of the classification of the sciences in the form which they still retain, and carried most of them to a further point than they had hitherto reached; in some of them, such as logic, he may fairly claim to have had no predecessor, and for centuries no worthy successor" (p. 6). As a metaphysician he seems in general to have borrowed his ideas from Plato, although he was not always generous enough to admit this indebtedness. But whereas Plato presented the most abstract concepts in a series of charming and poetical images, Aristotle cast them in the mould of a hard and fast system which has ever since been the delight of academic minds.

In the reviewer's opinion, the best chapter of the book is on Aristotle's *Psychology*, especially the part of that chapter which discusses the theory that there are two "reasons" in man, the active or immortal and the passive or mortal. Doubtless, Aristotle learned the doctrine from Plato, but he imparted to it an intellectual bent which has had a great and not wholly beneficent influence upon subsequent efforts of theologians to define the Soul. In justice to Aristotle, however, it should be noted that the Greek *nous* is inadequately rendered by "reason," for it also included other faculties, like aspiration, which we tend to associate with the heart rather than with the intellect. In any event, it is instructive to compare his statements, as interpreted by Mr. Ross, with other expressions of the doctrine of the duality of the Soul which are more familiar to students of Theosophy.

"Light is the condition of a medium which has been made actually transparent by the pres-

ence of an illuminant and it is its actuality that makes it possible for the eye which *can* see actually to see, and for the visible object actually to be seen. Similarly, the fact that active reason already knows all intelligible objects makes it possible for the passive reason, in itself a potentiality, actually to know, and for the knowable actually to be known. . . It is clearly implied that active reason, though it is in the Soul, goes beyond the individual. . . Though active reason is always unmixed, it is implied that its true nature is obscured during its association with the body. . . Does this imply that the disembodied reason is conscious, as the embodied reason is not, of the full extent of its knowledge? . . It is probable that Aristotle believed in a hierarchy reaching continuously from the lowest beings, those most immersed in matter, up to man, the heavenly bodies, the intelligences, and God; the active reason in man being one of the highest members of this hierarchy but having others as well as God above it" (p. 150–153). S. L.

Ancient Indian Historical Tradition, by F. E. Pargiter, M.A. Oxford University Press, 1922; price, $4.00.

Perhaps we can best approach the consideration of this thoughtful and scholarly book by recalling a series of essays, reprinted in *Five Years of Theosophy*, such as "Shakya Muni's Place in History," and "Was Writing Known Before Panini?" These essays and others of the same series do two things: they show that much of what passes for the history of India, in the writings of Orientalists like Albrecht Weber and Max Müller, is really a tissue of rather dogmatic conjectures; and they at least lay the foundation for a sounder historical structure.

The title of Mr. Pargiter's book led us to hope that he might have built on this foundation; that he might give us at least an outline of certain periods of the older history of India, not hopelessly telescoped, but with a true sense of historical perspective.

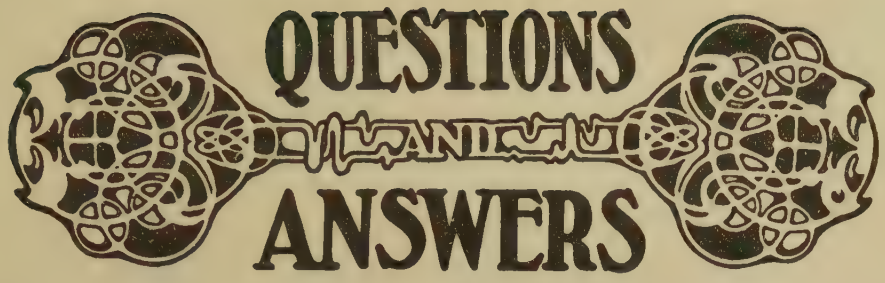
While this hope has not been fully realized, we have a good deal of material that may contribute towards its future realization; we have a method in some ways both novel and valuable. What that method is, the first sentences of the Preface suggest:

"The views about ancient India now held by scholars are based upon an examination of the Veda and Vedic literature, to the neglect of Puranic and epic tradition; that is, ancient Indian history has been fashioned out of compositions, which are purely religious and priestly, which notoriously do not deal with history, and which totally lack the historical sense. The extraordinary nature of such history may be perceived, if it were suggested that European history should be constructed merely out of theological literature."

So the author sets himself to extract the historical essence from the epics and Puranas. He does his work with praiseworthy thoroughness, yet in a degree he is admittedly building in the air: he has no firm foundation for his chronological system. As a result, he reaches the conclusion that the central conflict of the Mahabharata war took place approximately in the year 950 B.C., in the teeth of the tradition which places that event something over five thousand years ago.

What appears to us the strongest and most original element in this book is the consistent and often successful effort to separate the historical tradition of the royal Kshatriyas, who are also called Rajanyas and Rajaputras or Rajputs, from the teachings of the priestly Brahmans, who worked for centuries to build up a dominant priestly tyranny in India, reaction against which was one element at least in the religious movement of the Buddha. We believe that Mr. Pargiter has been too much influenced by the conjectural history of Occidental scholars, some of whom were under the yoke of Archbishop Ussher's chronology; and that he has not succeeded in uncovering the real foundations of Indian history. C. J.

Books reviewed in these columns may be obtained from The Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.



QUESTION NO. 314.—*We are told in "Light on the Path" to kill out ambition. How can we be sure that we have done this, and how get rid of ambition if we still find it?*

ANSWER.—We may be quite sure that we have not killed out ambition or any other fault or weakness. If we think we have, we need to be most watchful at this point, for our absence of humility there is almost certain to trip us. The only safe course is to assume that any fault, once detected, is still potentially present, and to be ceaselessly on our guard. For instance, an apparent diminution of ambition might be due to an increase in sloth rather than in selflessness. The way to conquer any fault, is to transform it. All faults are perverted virtues, and the stolen force that they contain should be reclaimed for our use. Ambition for personal success should be turned into burning desire for the success of the Master's cause,—just as a good football player should lose all thought of personal applause in his desire for the victory of his team. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—One way of making sure would be constantly to examine our motive. Why have we done, thus and so? Why did we want this or that? Was it for growth in personal stature; in any degree for our own ends? Or was it that the purposes of the soul might be advanced, that the divine will might be done? And if our lower natures trick us, and our minds give us specious and plausible reasons for the rightness of our motive, we might try to examine our actions. Do they bear out the idea of selflessness of motive? Are their results, in so far as we can see them, constructive and helpful to others? If we still find personal ambition, self-surrender cannot be complete, and we have then to make it so. C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 315.—*It seems to me that faith proves itself. Every ordinary action is based upon it. Why then is it so difficult for human consciousness to rely and act upon it in matters of spiritual life?*

ANSWER.—The well known saying of a Master regarding the potency of faith when even as great as a grain of mustard seed, seems to imply that a lively faith in things spiritual is not generally prevalent. The faith we have as a basis for ordinary action is probably in most cases the result of gradual development, due to our having acted repeatedly on what was at first the merest fragment of faith. Perhaps this gives one clue to an answer. To what extent, in the past, have we acted on such faith as we have, in matters of the spiritual life? C. S.

ANSWER.—The trouble is that true "human consciousness" does not really exist, short, at the least, of an accepted chêla or disciple. In the letters published in *The Occult World* the Master K. H. wrote: "Earth is the battle-ground of moral no less than of physical forces, and the boisterousness of animal passion, under the stimulus of the rude energies of the lower group of etheric agents, always tends to quench spirituality. What else could one expect of men so nearly related to the lower kingdom from which they evolved?" St. Ignatius Loyola expressed the same idea in his: "I presuppose that there are three kinds of thoughts in me: that is, one my own, which springs from my mere liberty and will; and two others, which come from without, one from the good spirit, and the other from the bad." In one sense, faith may

be compared to dynamite, as both may be used for widely different purposes: dynamite is available for Bolsheviki seeking to slay, or for Waldo Smith seeking to bring more water to New Yorkers. G. W.

ANSWER.—We make it difficult through our own self-will, as we depart in this or that particular from conformity with the divine will. The results of our actions are what might have been expected; and as we look at them, we either realize the facts, or find our "faith" shaken. Constant and renewed self-surrender should make it easier for us to rely and to act upon faith. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Are not our ordinary actions based rather on belief and on desire which creates belief? The wish is father to the thought. Belief is passive, faith is active and positive. Faith is an extraordinary force and governs *extra*-ordinary action. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; if we have *true* faith, that faith which is a "power of Buddhi" and not mere phantasy, we can rely upon it in the spiritual life. S.

QUESTION NO. 316.—*It has been said that a man who lacks courage has no understanding of that quality in another. How then can he acquire courage? What possibility is there of his gaining (1) comprehension of it; (2) desire for it?*

ANSWER.—A man may lack courage, but surely no man under the sun can be totally devoid of all possibility of developing courage. The mere fact that a man keeps his body alive, indicates that he has got the potentiality of a real will, which some day may make him a hero. But the question seems to be: how can an almost absolute coward gain some comprehension of and desire for courage? There would seem to be no teacher but Life. Life is the supreme wonder-worker. Think of the deep-sea fishes and of the little spider, which the Mt. Everest expedition found high up on the eternal snow. Life is the Wisdom of God, one and undivided, present everywhere, infinitely capable of bringing every germ to fruition. And all things, even the basest, contain that germ of perfection, for the world is a unity.

Was not the Great War an instance of the Providence of Life? How many cowards has it raised to the stature of brave men! S. V.

ANSWER.—Each man has within himself a spark of the Infinite, which contains the potentiality of all virtues, all qualities and powers in the universe, just as all of the tree is contained potentially in the seed. No man is entirely lacking in the seed of courage or of any other virtue. Right action in any direction results in the production, so to speak, of conditions favourable for the germination of these seeds. There is no one who has not enough courage to make a beginning; and the way to increase one's stock of any quality is to follow what one has of it, to meditate on it and to sacrifice for it. Love springs from sacrifice; and desires, good and bad, grow by brooding on themselves. To acquire courage, meditate on it and on the different ways in which it may be manifested, read of instances of it, and seek opportunities to practise it. Life will provide them. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—It is safe to assume that the man who lacks the ordinary degree of courage is concentrated on self; that there is vanity of position, desire for the world's good opinion, self-conceit. Constantly apprehensive of disadvantages to himself, constantly thinking how this or that is going to affect him personally,—fear of injury or loss to self makes a coward of him. How can he acquire courage? By a change of purpose, by losing himself in a larger motive. Let us suppose that life brings him to a point where, for the first time, he sees himself for what he is, and that then Divine Love touches his heart. He will begin to hate his cowardice because it stands in the way of his newly awakened desire, to do the will of the Divine Powers, to serve them for love's sake—and so he attains some comprehension of what courage really is. A.

ANSWER.—The life of Madame Blavatsky might be cited as an example of the difficulty people have in understanding a type of courage that is far higher than their own. Among the multitudes who knew her and her work, few appear to have had any comprehension of the

high courage displayed in it. There is also the courage of Masters, which we may glimpse in the letters from them that have come down from the early days of the society. Or we may read, in far greater detail, the life of the Master Christ,—a pattern of superb courage, from beginning to end. Enthusiastic admiration for any manifestation of courage that really moves us, must be a step toward it—perhaps a long step if we set ourselves to copy, in the little duties of daily life, whatever form of this quality we most love and revere.—A. B.

QUESTION NO. 317.—*We are told to avoid the sense of separateness, and yet all life seems to be a matter of subtly graded relationships. In what way does the sense of separateness differ from one's unavoidable sense that some people are akin to one and some are not? Need this imply either criticism or dislike? And is it not an intuition that we ignore at our peril?*

ANSWER.—From one point of view a sense of separateness would seem to indicate a taint of self in our motive, of something approaching a feeling of superiority. A lack of humility lurks within the feeling that there is about us something special and unusual which makes our needs and our efforts of extraordinary moment.

This is quite different, however, from the instantaneous recognition in the individual, free, to a degree at least, from self, and bent on blending himself as a unit in a whole, that some people are akin and some are not. This represents, on the one hand, the best in us reaching out to the best in others; on the other hand, the realization of a fact,—that there are some who do not talk our language, and who are worlds and lives removed from us in knowledge and feeling. This latter case, revealing to us a need, should arouse, not a sense of separateness, but compassion and a desire to help which we could not ignore. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—It seems that there is error in the statement. We are not told to "avoid" the sense of separateness but so to deal with ourselves that we are no longer swayed by that sense. We are told to "live in the Eternal": and is it not from the effort to do this that the "sense of kinship" proceeds? From that source also comes the intuition named by the querent. The indulgence of criticism or dislike amounts to permitting oneself to be swayed from one's goal. A. K.

ANSWER.—All beings are one in their essential nature in the Absolute, Parabrahm; but all manifestation appears as duality or separate existence. All beings will be consciously and deliberately one, when they shall have attained perfection. We must always distinguish between their essential oneness and the relative degree of oneness they have so far attained as individuals. St. C. B.

ANSWER.—The injunction, "Kill out all sense of separateness" may be best understood through the comment of the Master who framed it: "Do not fancy you can stand aside from the bad man or the foolish man. They are yourself, though in a less degree than your friend or your master. But if you allow the idea of separateness from any evil thing or person to grow up within you, by so doing you create Karma, which will bind you to that thing or person till your soul recognizes that it cannot be isolated." J.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings at 64 Washington Mews. The meetings begin at half past eight and close at ten o'clock. Those of the winter and spring of 1926 are on the evenings of January 2nd, 16th, and 30th; February 13th and 27th; March 13th and 27th; April 10th and 24th (Convention meeting); and May 8th and 22nd. Visitors are welcome at these meetings. The location of 64 Washington Mews is on the north side of the Mews, the second door from the Fifth Avenue entrance—the Mews running midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North.

Charles W. Lilly

On September 12th, died Charles W. Lilly, a valued and devoted member of the Society. The Vice-President of his Branch (Los Angeles) writes of him as one whom they can ill spare because of his vitally imparting so much of humility, faith and trust, self-effacement and willingness to obey, to their work,—and speaks particularly of his gentleness and unfailing consideration of others, adding that "his struggle and striving were always a real and living sacrifice."

John Schofield

In Corunna, Canada, on October 12th, died the Reverend John Schofield, Ph.D., an old and beloved member, who will be well remembered by readers of the Quarterly as, for a long period, the author of *The Elementary Articles*, until the infirmities of advancing years obliged him to relinquish his task which Mr. Griscom then assumed.

One by one the old guard salutes and passes on. Those of the later generation in the Work must see to it that their lights are burning and their equipment ready, since their day cannot be much delayed. Who are prepared now to fill the places of those who have recently gone?

STANDARD BOOKS

Blavatsky, H. P.	Isis Unveiled, Vols. I and II	cloth, $10.00
	Key to Theosophy	cloth, 2.50
	Secret Doctrine, The, Vols. I and II and Index	cloth, 17.00
	Complete in one book, without subject-index volume,	7.50
	Theosophical Glossary	cloth, 3.50
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		limp leather, India paper, 1.75
	Crest Jewel of Wisdom, The	cloth, 1.25
	From the Upanishads	paper, .50
	Parables of the Kingdom, The	paper, .50
	Patanjali's Yoga Sutras	Translated, annotated; cloth, 1.25
	Song of Life, The	paper, .75
Judge, William Q.	Bhagavad Gita	Edited; cloth, .75; leather, 1.50
	Culture of Concentration	paper, .10
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	Letters That Have Helped Me, Volume I	cloth, 1.00
	Volume II	cloth, 1.00
	Ocean of Theosophy	cloth, 1.00
	Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms	cloth, .75; leather, 1.50
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Philosophical: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Isis Unveiled; Key to Theosophy; Plotinus; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Talks on Religion; Theosophical Glossary; Transactions; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.

Introductory: Culture of Concentration; Echoes from the Orient; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.